

Woolman House

1509/918

1560/428

# ALL IN A BUSTLE;

A

COMEDY IN FIVE ACTS,

---

Written by

THE AUTHOR

OF

THE CASTLE OF OLLADA.

---

NORWICH:

*Printed by Beatniffe and Payne,*

AND MAY BE HAD OF R. BEATNIFFE, IN THE COCKEY-  
LANE; MRS. CROCKET, IN ST. SIMON'S, AND  
ALL OTHER BOOKSELLERS.

1795.

Price Two Shillings.





## Characters of the Play.

---

SIR GEORGE ASPIN,  
MR. ASPIN,  
ROBERT WOODLAND,  
CAPT. HARLAND,  
ALDERMAN DALTON,  
ALDERMAN PERIGORD,  
SMATTER,  
TIPTOE,  
PADDY,  
JOHN,  
POMPEY,

*Waiters, Postboys, &c.*

MISS ASPIN,  
MISS DALTON,  
MARIA WOODLAND,  
MRS. SLIPSLOP,  
MRS. PALMER,  
DAME GIBBS,  
JENNY,  
DORCAS,

*Barmaid, &c.*



# ALL IN A BUSTLE.

## ACT I.

SCENE I.—AN APARTMENT AT MR. ASPIN'S (BREAKFAST THINGS SET OUT).

*Enter Mr. and Miss Aspin meeting.*

*Mr. Asp.* GOOD morrow, fister: well, have you read the news?

*Miss Asp.* Read the news, brother! but you cannot breakfast without a newspaper; I wonder you do not ask me, whether I have had my pipe and porter this morning? It is a strange thing you country gentlemen cannot shake off those vulgar customs.

*Mr. Asp.* No news from Bob Woodland yet? It is extraordinary enough when the Oxford term has been ended this fortnight, where he can be; I am sure there must be something at the bottom of all this (*sitting*



*down*). Come, sister, pour out the tea; I will wait no longer for any body.

*Miss Asp.* Nay, but consider, the first morning we have had our brother's company since his return from abroad; I think it is not quite consistent with good manners to breakfast without him.

*Mr. Asp.* And ~~pray~~, sister, is not he much more deficient on the part of good breeding to come into my family and break through my regular hours?

*Miss Asp.* But some allowance should be made for the vast difference between our early hours and those of the fashionable world.

*Mr. Asp.* Ay, times are changed indeed, and much for the worse too; I remember the time when the man that pressed his pillow after seven o'clock was deemed a sluggard, but now egad there are few in bed by that time: pour out the tea, sister.

*Miss Asp. (sitting down).* Pray, Mr. Aspin, now our brother Sir George is come down, leave off that vulgar appellation of sister; I really sometimes am apt to think you forget I have a name.

*Mr. Asp.* Forget it, sister! no, no; it has been your companion too long for me to have forgot it; I begin to think it will stick by you faithfully to your death.



*Miss Asp.* Very well, sir; very well; you are beginning in your usual strain; pray go on, sir; if you had ever read, sir!—

*Mr. Asp.* Read, sister! Why, would you have me an avowed book-worm, like yourself? no, no, sister, I do not know that I am more of a fool than some of the wise ones: a little learning is enough for any body, especially a woman, and in some cases too much, sister.

*Miss Asp.* For shame,

“A little learning is a dangerous thing,

“Drink deep, or taste not the Pierian spring;”

so says the divine poet.

*Mr. Asp.* The devil take the poet; do you think a set of raggamuffinly fellows, without a whole pane of glass to their garret windows, or a decent coat to their backs, are to prescribe rules for me? Perry springs indeed! will all their Perry springs produce me a drop of true Coniac to keep the gout out of my stomach? answer me that, sister.

*Enter Dame Gibbs.*

*Gibbs.* Sir George would choose to breakfast in his own room this morning, madam.

*Miss Asp.* How has Sir George rested?

*Gibbs.* Green tea, madam, green tea.

*Mr. Asp.* Breakfast in his room! oh Lord! oh Lord! how my house will be turned upside down with this Sir Knight! this it is to be allied to quality binding. Is he up, Gibbs?

*Gibbs.* I did not ask his worship what he would please to eat, but I will go. (*Exit.*)

*Miss Asp.* Stupid wretch! I cannot think Mr. Aspin how you can persist in keeping that deaf old housekeeper any longer, she is always committing one blunder or other.

*Mr. Asp.* Keep her, sister! why is not Dame Gibbs one of the family as it were? one of the fixtures belonging to the mansion? why let me see, sister—why she has lived with us upwards of fifty years.

*Miss Asp.* Very likely, sir; very likely; that is before my recollection.

*Mr. Asp.* Ay, and shew me a decenter, cleverer woman within fifty miles around.

*Miss Asp.* Well, sir, but is she not incapable, is she not old?

*Mr. Asp.* Well, well, sister, do not let her be an exception to your general rule, for you know you have always shewn a partiality for the ancients.

*Enter Dame Gibbs.*

*Gibbs.* Sir George says—

*Miss Asp.* Very well, very well; Mr. Aspin,



do you tell her to make Sir George's breakfast; I cannot bawl to her myself, she has made me quite nervous as it is.

*Mr. Asp.* My sister, Miss Aspin I mean, I beg pardon, desires you will make Sir George's breakfast yourself; do you hear Dame?

*Gibbs.* Yes, yes, I can hear your honor very well.

*Mr. Asp.* And give our respects, and we hope he has rested well.

*Gibbs.* Oh! I have carried him a hot roll your honor, and now I will go up with the tea. *(Exit.)*

*Mr. Asp.* Another cup, sister.

*Enter John.*

*John.* The newspaper, sir.

*Mr. Asp.* No letter from Bob?

*John.* No, sir. *(Exit.)*

*Mr. Asp.* Very strange, indeed; come, now we shall see, now we shall see *(opening the newspaper)*.

*Miss Asp.* Any thing in the press? Any new publications? Any thing in *my* way?

*Mr. Asp.* There, there, look at it yourself, while I put on my spectacles; the print is so confoundedly pale, I declare it is almost illegible.

*Miss Asp. (reading)* "Last Tuesday was married"—phaw, this trumpery paper contains nothing but births and marriages.

*Mr. Asp.* That is not in *your* way I am sure, so give it to me.

*A loud knocking at the door.*

*Mr. Asp.* There's Bob! there's Bob! I will lay my life.

*Enter John.*

*John.* A young gentleman in a post-chaise, now at the door, sends this letter.

*Miss Asp.* What a young gentleman, a smart gentleman? a!

*John.* Yes, madam.

*Miss Asp.* Oh! pray desire the gentleman to walk in.

*Mr. Asp.* Yes, pray desire him to walk in.

*(Exit John.)*

*Mr. Asp.* Here is a letter from my old friend Dick Ranger, recommending a young man to my protection, till an affair of the greatest consequence, which the gentleman himself is to explain, can be cleared up: perhaps he is—

*Miss Asp.* Hush, hush, he is here.

*Enter Miss Dalton in men's clothes, a servant following with a great coat and trunk.*

*Miss Dalt.* Sir, I beg ten thousand pardons

for intruding myself upon you thus unknown, but in consequence of the recommendation of so old and intimate a friend of yours, I flattered myself you would not refuse me that protection of which I stand so greatly in need. To you, madam, also I must particularly apologize for—

*Miss Asp.* Oh! sir, not a word of the kind I beg; I shall be equally happy with my brother in rendering you any service in my power.

*Mr. Asp.* I am sorry, sir, that any thing should have occurred which may—I say, sir—my friend in his letter—

*Miss Dalt.* My dear, sir, let me intreat you to warn the servants to deny me to any person who may enquire after me; my name, sir, is Youngman, Richard Youngman.

*Mr. Asp.* Sir, you may depend on my servants; ring the bell, sister; no, stay, here is Dame Gibbs.

*Enter Dame Gibbs.*

*Gibbs.* Sir George says—

*Mr. Asp.* Never mind Sir George, dame, but go directly and warn all the servants not to let any body into the house without first calling me out, and not to say a word about



this gentleman's being here (*Exit Gibbs*). Do not be apprehensive of being discovered, sir, I dare say we shall—

*Miss Dalt.* Now, sir, do me the favor to secret these pistols.

*Miss Asp.* Oh! you have been fighting a duel; poor brave young man!

*Mr. Asp. (retreating)* Pistols! Are they charged? Are they loaded?

*Miss Dalt.* For heaven's sake, sir, do not lose a moment in locking them in some secure place (*pushing the pistols towards him*).

*Mr. Asp. (affrighted)* Take care how you handle them, take care.

*Miss Dalt.* They are not charged, sir. I have indeed, as this lady suggested, been engaged in an affair of honor, and so dangerously wounded my antagonist, that his life is despaired of; this is the reason of my seeking an asylum in your house; now, sir, let me beg—

*Mr. Asp.* I will, I will; you are sure they are not charged?

*Miss Dalt.* No, sir, upon my honor.

*Mr. Asp.* Neither of them?

*Miss Dalt.* No, sir.

*Mr. Asp.* Then, sister, you may lock them up in my desk, there is the key (*Exit Miss*

*Asp. with the pistols*). I have had a mortal antipathy to the smell of gunpowder, sir, ever since the boys fired off popguns in my ears at my wedding.

*Miss Dalt.* It would have been a happy case for me, sir, if I had been in your situation.

*Mr. Asp.* True, sir, true; it pleased Heaven to take my wife three months after our marriage, and then I blessed myself with the pleasing hope of enjoying the sweets of widowhood; but no, I was doomed to have my cup dashed with bitters.

*Miss Dalt.* Is this lady then your second wife, sir?

*Mr. Asp.* No, sir, she is my maiden sister, but she may rival any wife in christendom in the art of tormenting.

*Enter Miss Aspin.*

*Miss Asp.* Sir, your pistols are in safety. Would not you choose to take any refreshment after your morning ride? Mr. Aspin and myself were at breakfast, I assure you.

*Miss Dalt.* I should accept your offer with pleasure, madam, had I not taken a hasty repast on the road.

*Mr. Asp.* Sir, will you excuse me a few minutes? I will go and admonish the servants concerning your safety myself.

*Miss Dalt.* I am quite ashamed, sir—

*Mr. Asp.* Oh! pray do not mention it; besides I have some orders to give my gardener about cutting the cauliflowers and fattening the geese. (Exit.)

*Miss Asp.* Perhaps, sir, you would do me the favor to take a turn in the garden yourself?

*Miss Dalt.* With great pleasure, madam.

*Miss Asp.* Give me leave to shew you the way. (Exit.)

*Miss Dalt.* Thanks to my stars, all goes on well thus far however. (Exit.)

---

SCENE II.—SIR GEORGE'S DRESSING-ROOM.

*Sir George in a morning gown, and Pompey attending.*

*Sir George.* And so you desired the servant to send for a tailor, did you?

*Pomp.* Yes, massa.

*Sir George.* Give me my coat; very old-fashioned indeed, I do not wonder that Maria was not struck with my appearance (*A rap at the door*). Open the door, Pompey.

*Pomp.* Mr. Smatter wait on you, massa.

*Sir George.* Admit him. (Exit Pompey.)



*Enter Smatter.*

*Smatt.* I have the honor to be your honor's most devoted, most obedient, humble servant, sir; I believe, sir, I am the person you wished to see; my name is Smatter,—Smatter, sir, famous in this part of the country for doing justice—understand you have been abroad, sir, give me leave to congratulate you on your safe arrival in your native country.

*Sir George.* Why do not I remember your living at the turn of the road about sixteen years ago as groom to the Crown? Why your name was Smiler then?

*Smatt.* True, sir, true, so it is still when I am a jockey; I am a man of various professions, and as I observed before, famous for doing justice in all of them; my worst enemies never could contradict that, sir; nay, my wife, sir, always *did* me the justice to allow I was famous for *doing* justice. Yes, sir—yes, as you observe, I was once in the capacity of groom, I have a great passion for it yet, sir—keep a small stud of my own now, sir—happy to accommodate you with a good hunter—good road horse, or pair of curricie poneys, till you can suit yourself; excuse the liberty, sir, but you have been some time out of the kingdom, may want some small instructions—a hint, just

a hint, I mean for sitting a horse; perhaps I may hope for the honor of giving you a riding lesson:

*Sir George.* What! a tailor teach me to ride! no such goose-chase for me I promise you; but come, come, I sent for you to measure me, where are your patterns?

*Smatt.* Beg pardon, sir, beg pardon—here, sir, here they are, this very day from town, sir, new, quite new, sir—just the thing (*produces a paper instead of the pattern card*): eh! gad—no, that's a—a paper, nothing of any consequence, only as I was coming this way, popped it into my pocket for Mrs. Gibbs.

*Sir George.* Why, what the devil are you going to measure her?

*Smatt.* Measure her, sir! a good joke, no, no, sir, no, no, that is something relating to one of my other professions, sir; I am a bit of a lawyer, sir—I have a smattering of the law, sir—always had a taste for it from my youth upwards—I have a little snug room at the back of my shop, sir, there I shut myself up and practise *crim. con. nem. con.* and various branches of the law, sir—if you should want any thing in that way, sir, be esteemed a very high favor if—

*Sir George.* Snug you say, eh?

*Smatt.* Oh! mum is the word, sir; let lawyer Doublefee alone—that is my name, sir, when I am a lawyer; Doublefee, sir, is a man of few words; never talks but to the purpose; you may depend upon accuracy, dispatch—

*Sir George.* Well, come, come, dispatch your measuring.

*Smatt.* Oh! the patterns, sir—true, true, the patterns—here they are, sir, here they are; (*opens the patterns, a paper drops out*) oh! that is nothing, sir, only an order from Lady Guzzle for a military habit—a genteel, elegant figure for a habit she is to be sure, but that is no business of mine, I never prattle; forced to lengthen my measure when I took the circumference of her ladyship's waist, but I say nothing, mute as a fish was always my motto.

*Sir George.* Well, and what sort of a colour would you recommend to me?

*Smatt.* Scarlet, sir, scarlet, by all means, suits your complexion to a T.

*Sir George.* Scarlet! that is too flashy for me, is it not? consider I am not a boy.

*Smatt.* By no means, sir, but you are in good repair as yet; to be sure, time will wear the nap of superfine cloth, stitches tear, elbows will wear out, but your honour is a tight bit of stuff, that has turned out vastly well in the



wearing; green is the color for you, sir—green, sir, green.

*Sir George.* Why I thought you said scarlet!

*Smatt.* That is your colour, I meant scarlet, and a falling cape; give me leave to send you home with it a three-inch striped waistcoat—no waist worn, no such thing to be seen, don't do at all now—and what color shall the pantaloons be?

*Sir George.* The what?

*Smatt.* Trowser breeches, trowser breeches, Sir George.

*Sir George.* Trowsers! why damme I am not going back to sea.

*Smatt.* Ha, ha, ha, very good upon my soul, very good indeed; no, sir, you do not take me, sir, inexpressibles, smalls I mean, from the breast-bone to the shoe, quite the thing indeed, sir; suppose we say a nice buff, sir—buff is quite the rage, even with the ladies.

*Sir George.* Well, let them be fashionable, and send them home to day, and perhaps I may call upon you presently and see your snug room.

*Smatt.* Shall be proud of the superlative honor of receiving a visit from your honour—shall be most particularly careful in the neatness and exactness of your new suit—superin-

tend it myself—have not sat cross-legged for any body these three years—hope, sir, you have not suffered from the fatigue of the voyage (*feeling his pulse*); I believe by the state of your pulse it has agreed with you very well—has it not, sir?

*Sir George.* How the devil should you know any thing about the pulse?

*Smatt.* Oh! sir, I have given a vast deal of my time to the study of physic, I was Merry Andrew to a quack doctor two years, seven months and odd days. It is astonishing the number of colds there are in circulation just at present; now, sir, if you will give me leave, I believe I can recommend a preventative, and at the same time add to the fashionableness of your appearance.

*Sir George.* How so?

*Smatt.* (*producing a bolster*) Let me persuade you to wear this, Sir George—this bolster is the very thing for you, sir—always keep one ready made about me, and can recommend this for particular warmth and softness; give me leave to inclose it in your cravat—oh! fie, what do you do with these ends? nothing but stocks seen, nothing else in the *beau monde*.

*Sir George.* And rot me, if I do not think

that if your tongue was put in the stocks, it would be the luckiest thing for your customers that could happen to you.

*Smatt.* Your honour is fond of a joke, ha, ha, ha; sir, I have the superlative honor to be your honour's most obedient, humble servant. (*Aside*) Tye up my *tongue*, but damme you shall find that my *bill* can speak. (*Exit.*)

*Sir George.* This fellow will be just the person to forward my scheme with my brother's ward, Maria; and if I can but get her consent, why as to my brother's, I do not value it the tooth of a negro.

*Enter Mr. Aspin.*

*Sir George.* Good morrow, brother.

*Mr. Asp.* The same to you, brother, hope you rested well.

*Sir George.* Thank you, thank you. Gibbs tells me a suspicious person has taken refuge in your house this morning.

*Mr. Asp.* Oh! but mum, mum, as to that, brother; pistols was the word, you take me.

*Sir George.* What did he shew you his pistols?

*Mr. Asp.* Brought them in his pocket.

*Sir George.* Brother, how many miles are we from London?



*Mr. Asp.* Why upwards of seventeen.

*Sir George.* Depend upon it, it is a plot to rob your house, he is a highwayman in disguise, take my word for it; he will give the signal in the night, and let a whole pack of bloodhounds in upon us: would I were safe at Barbadoes.

*Mr. Asp.* Highwayman indeed! why he brought me a letter of recommendation from Dick Ranger, I tell you.

*Sir George.* And have you lived all this time in the world, brother, to be told that Dick Ranger, or Dick any body else's name may be forged.

*Mr. Asp.* There is the letter, now tell me whether that is not his hand.

*Sir George.* I tell you it is not his—O!

*Mr. Asp.* O! what does the O! signify; did not he always drop the tail of his G with a spot?

*Sir George.* Yes, and to-morrow morning, I fancy, you may content yourself, instead of this house, with the spot where it stood.

*Mr. Asp.* Why, what the devil do you think he will run away with my house?

*Sir George.* No, but ten to one that he blows it up to prevent himself from being detected.

*Mr. Asp.* What with gunpowder?

*Sir George.* Matches and other combustibles.

*Mr. Asp.* Gunpowder?

*Sir George.* Aye, gunpowder; *G* with a drop tail ending in a spot.

*Mr. Asp.* Gunpowder! it is possible; I will turn him out of the house directly.

*Sir George.* The sure way to have the whole gang come upon you; now all in a minute you are so hasty, so hot.

*Mr. Asp.* Why, brother, it is a devilish warm subject we are upon; I will question him then, I will sift him.

*Sir George.* And betray yourself; you have no wit, no cunning, not you: how the devil do you think I should have made my way amongst hairy old negroes and crafty traders if I had not been more discreet: zounds! I remember when I used to be toiling among bales of pimento and ginger in the scorching sun.

*Mr. Asp.* Ay, it seems to have heated your blood, brother.

*Sir George.* I allow I am naturally warm, brother, but—

*Mr. Asp.* The ginger has thrown you into a fever.

*Sir George.* Why how the devil can I be cool, when I do not know but I may be treading on layers of gunpowder and bundles of matches.

*Mr. Asp.* Ay, true, gunpowder! well, brother, will you undertake to question him?

*Sir George.* You locked up his pistols you say?

*Mr. Asp.* They are in my desk.

*Sir George.* Nay, then, as long as he has no fire-arms about him, why not you as well as I?

*Mr. Asp.* Nay, nay, brother, you know I have no wit, no cunning, besides you have practised the catching trade so long in your plantations, you cannot fail to entrap him (*gun without*). Zounds! what is that?

*Sir George.* What should it be but the layers taking fire. I will make the best of my way out, I promise you. (*Exit.*)

*Mr. Asp.* I cannot stir, I am petrified (*another gun*). I could shrink into a nut shell.

*Enter John.*

*John.* Mr. Woodland is arrived, sir.

*Mr. Asp.* What noise was that I heard, John?

*John.* Mr. Woodland discharging his pieces, sir.

*Mr. Asp.* Oh! ho! I will be with him in a moment. (*Exit John.*) There now, brother, you see—what the devil, is the cowardly fellow run away? I can pardon antipathy, but I detest cowardice. (*Exit.*)



*Tiptoe driving some pointers into a kennel, cracking his whip, and hallooing.*

*Enter Jenny.*

*Jenny.* Welcome home, Tiptoe, welcome home, glad to see you. (*Tiptoe continues busy about the dogs and hallooing.*) What in the name of wonder is all this noise for? Why Tiptoe, Tiptoe, I say.

*Tiptoe.* Say on.

*Jenny.* Why how can a person speak when you keep making such an abominable noise and shrieking.

*Tiptoe.* Master at home?

*Jenny.* To be sure he is.

*Tiptoe.* Then here goes (*lets off a gun*).

*Jenny.* Why Tiptoe!

*Tiptoe.* Do you think he hears me?

*Jenny.* Hears you! why all the village has heard you by this time; I believe you are crazy; do you not consider that Mr. Aspin cannot bear the sound of a gun.

*Tiptoe.* Can't he? my life on't he makes more noise than a cannonade in a little time: I am in my master's secrets, girl.

*Jenny.* Then be discreet and keep them, we servants you know should hear, see, and say nothing.

*Tiptoe.* Oh! mum is the word; do I ever kiss and tell? but come, take that (*holding out a bag*) to your master, with my master's humble duty and respects, and all the rest on't, and don't stand prating here all day.

*Jenny.* Ay, but tell me what there is in the bag?

*Tiptoe.* Why hares, and pheasants, and partridges, to be sure; you know my master has been at his old friend Hawton's shooting for this fortnight past.

*Jenny.* Indeed! I believe that is a thumper, *Tiptoe.*

*Tiptoe.* You smoke me, do you? well, it is; but if you tell the old one you jade, never trust me but—

*Jenny.* No, no, I won't, I won't; but—where have you been?—eh! I say, *Tiptoe*—why did you make all that noise?

*Tiptoe.* To make your master believe we had been where we have not been.

*Jenny.* Well, but where have you been?

*Tiptoe.* I can't tell you that.

*Jenny.* Why not? now, *Tiptoe*, you know I—

*Tiptoe.* No, I can't upon my soul, my master ordered me not, (*aside*) and that is the very reason I am dying to tell her. (*To her*) Well,

it shall out; you must know, my master—  
(*aside*) oh! what a foolish thing am I going to  
do, trust a woman with a secret.

*Jenny.* Come, go on.

*Tiptoe.* No, I can't; I'll take your advice,  
be discreet, and keep my secrets to myself.

*Jenny.* Lord now I am sure I would not  
tell any body; now do, good, dear Tiptoe.

*Tiptoe.* Well, can nobody hear us?

*Jenny.* No, if you don't bawl as you did  
just now.

*Tiptoe.* If this mystery should be discovered,  
my master would be disinherited at least.

*Jenny.* Indeed!

*Tiptoe.* And I should stand a chance of in-  
heriting a good thrashing, and a discharge into  
the bargain—I don't vastly relish that kind of  
legacy.

*Jenny.* Well, but now do come to the point.

*Tiptoe.* Now for it then; my master, as I  
said before, is—curse it, here comes the old  
fellow; give me the bag and be off in a mo-  
ment, fly.

(*Exit Jenny.*)

*Enter Mr. Aspin.*

*Mr. Asp.* (*not seeing Tiptoe*) A damned  
scoundrel, to dare to tell me so base a lie.

*Tiptoe.* (*aside*) O Lord! O Lord! it is all  
out!



*Mr. Asp.* What would I give to come at the bottom of it. (*Seeing Tiptoe, aside*) I will pump Tiptoe.

*Tiptoe (aside).* Say you so. (*to Mr. Aspin*) Sir, my master's most obedient, humble duty to your honour, and begs your honour will do him the favor to accept this game: I hope your honour has been perfectly well since I had the happiness of seeing you last; your honour looks low spirited; I am—

*Mr. Asp.* Damn you, you puppy, I have spirit enough to swear, that if you do not tell me the reason why my ward delayed coming home sooner, I will cane it out of you.

*Tiptoe.* Has not he told you himself, sir?

*Mr. Asp.* No equivocating, sir, I order you to tell me.

*Tiptoe.* Then, sir, whatever my master has told you the real truth is, that we passed a fortnight at Mr. Hawton's in our way home.

*Mr. Aspin.* Ah! I thought how it would be, both in a story.

*Tiptoe.* It is a very true story, sir, upon my soul, and when I speak the truth I care for nobody.

*Mr. Asp.* Sir?

*Tiptoe.* But your honour.

*Mr. Asp.* Very well, sir, very well.

*Tiptoe (taking up the gun).* Shall I carry the game into the kitchen, sir?

*Mr. Asp.* To the devil, sir, so you get but out of my sight.

*Tiptoe.* Not before your honour, sir.

*Mr. Asp.* Zounds, puppy, follow me then.  
(*Exit.*)

*Tiptoe.* I thought his honour would shew me the way.  
(*Exit.*)

End of the First Act.

## ACT II.

SCENE—A PARLOUR AT MR. ASPIN'S.

*Enter Maria, followed by Robert.*

*Maria.* UPON my word, brother, your Dulcinea is the veriest female knight errant I ever heard of.

*Robert.* Nay, Maria, what could she do?

*Maria.* Rather, brother, what could she not do? for on my conscience I think, after slipping into a pair of breeches, rattling down hither in a post-chaise, and passing herself on our guardian as the hero of a duel, she will hardly stop at a horse-race, or a boxing-match.

*Robert.* And where would be the wonder of that? notoriety, sister, is the prevailing taste of the day, and she, I think, must be more or less than mortal who can forbear to mix in the crowded groupes that pay adoration at that temple of fashionable folly.

*Maria.* Methinks, brother, had I worded that high flown speech of yours, my angel should not have paid adoration at the shrine of Momus; but I suppose it was dictated by your delicacy, that wished for an apology for



your angel's having placed her affections on you:—but now seriously, how came this mad freak into your brain?

*Robert.* Why, in the first place it is necessary to inform you, that for these last three months, while old Squaretoes thought me safe and snug at Oxford, retracing the vestiges of old Euclid, in an uninterrupted course of curves, triangles, squares and diameters, I was scampering about London, pursuing the steps of my blooming Charlotte, in a continued rotation of plays, balls, operas, routs, and masquerades.

*Maria.* Interlarded with vows, prayers, and entreaties.

*Robert.* Prithee be quiet, and hear me out: when suddenly her crabbed ancestor, feeling an affection for the coffers of an old rogue as rich as himself, commands his daughter to be captivated with the vacant stare, ebon teeth, jaundiced complexion, and titled shape of an enamoured alderman.

*Maria.* At the same time insisting that she should hence forward drive from her thoughts the fascinating charms of my accomplished brother.

*Robert.* Even so, which determined her to become more desperately in love with me

than ever ; this redoubled my ardor, so having persuaded her to equip herself in one of my suits, I penned the letter which introduced her to my guardian as an intimate friend of his old chum Dick Ranger.

*Maria.* Well done, sweet brother audacity, and now as the finishing stroke go, and humbly request to be introduced to the strange gentleman.

*Robert.* The very thing I intend ; but where is she ?

*Maria.* Tied to Miss Aspin's apron string, who seems very cautious not to let a single opportunity slip of rendering herself agreeable to the sham beau ; but pray what plan do you purpose following ?

*Robert.* I have as yet formed none, sister ; I trust when necessity is hardly pressed, her daughter, invention, will not fail to come to her assistance, so on her helping hand I rely.

(*Exit.*)

*Maria.* And I sincerely hope she will save you from stumbling, for truly I must think this wild scheme a hazardous one ; now if they had—but, pshaw, why do I stuff my brain with their nonsensical affairs, when all my wits ought to be employed how to rid myself of my odious admirer, Sir George ; suppose I—

(*Mr. and Miss Aspin without*)

*Mr. Asp.* I say, sister—

*Miss Asp.* It is no such thing, brother.

Hark! what can be in the wind now? the storm comes this way and I will avoid it.

(*Exit.*)

*Enter Mr. and Miss Aspin.*

*Miss Asp.* A charming wise head you have of your own truly; but this proceeds from your love of newspapers; you sit poring over all the robberies, real and imaginary, that have been committed in the kingdom for years together, and then suppose every stranger that comes into your house a highwayman.

*Mr. Asp.* Nay, sister, Sir George first suggested the idea.

*Miss Asp.* I tell you, Sir George has no ideas beyond a sugar cane, or a roll of tobacco; how should a man that never wrote have an idea?

*Mr. Asp.* Wrote! grant me patience; I would say something to you if you could draw out a mittimus when I commit a vagrant or a horse-stealer, and save me the expence of a clerk! what signifies all your Greek and Latin trumpery? did all your studying ever produce you the price of the pens and paper you waste in scribbling?



*Miss Asp.* Do not insult me with the supposition that I exercise my poetical talent from any mercenary views; no, Sir, the riches on which my fame-desiring mind is bent, are a smile from the Muses, a draught at the stream of Helicon, and a gentle gale from the palm-trees on the Parnassian mount.

*Mr. Asp.* Moderate creature! I wish from my soul you were there in a hurricane, or up to your neck in that delightful stream you talk of, enjoying the horse-laughs of the rhyming gentry.

*Miss Asp.* Do not be vulgar, sir; do not be vulgar; if you had a single grain of discernment in your composition, you would perceive Mr. Youngman to be a man of fashion.

*Mr. Asp.* You tell me *that* as a recommendation, do you, sister?

*Miss Asp.* Certainly, as being invariably a man of honour.

*Mr. Asp.* And pray, sister, how may you define a man of honour?

*Miss Asp.* Doubtless, one who acts consistently with those laws and customs which are sanctioned by the fashionable world.

*Mr. Asp.* And under that illegitimate licence, commits every fashionable vice to which his fashionable inclination prompts him; it

would be shocking not to cancel his debts at play, but as the law of honour says nothing of filling the stomachs of his hungry tradesmen, their bills go undischarged: then again, when the fashionable fit comes on, he seduces his friend's wife, and to make the husband reparation, fashionably blows out his brains the next morning; in short, he is like an ostrich, his easy appetite can digest any thing but steel, by which if he makes a *fashionable* exit, he receives his surfeit from some *honourable* friend whom he had the day before *genteely* styled puppy, perhaps the only wise word he ever spoke in his life.

*Miss Asp.* Was ever the like! upon my word, Mr. Aspin, I believe you are out of your senses thus to revile men of fashion and honour.

*Mr. Asp.* Heaven forbid I should revile a man of *true* honour, Miss Aspin; I consider a man who comes under that description, and particularly an Englishman, as great an ornament to society as I do the puppy who boasts the empty title without the innate principle a disgrace to it.

*Miss Asp.* Your sentiments, like the curls of your wig, Mr. Aspin, are grown grey in former service before they enlisted under your banners.

*Mr. Asp.* Zounds, sister, why does not my wig answer the purpose of covering what would look worse without it as well as yours?

*Miss Asp.* If you swear again, sir, I will leave the room.

*Mr. Asp.* And, madam, I should willingly do penance a whole day for having sworn an oath every minute of the twenty-four hours, so I had succeeded in making you inhabit another apartment.

*Miss Asp.* That is as much as to say, you wish me gone now, sir.

*Mr. Asp.* I had rather be rude than tell a lie.

*Miss Asp.* No apology, sir; I shall as easily be tempted to follow my own inclinations as you. *(Exit.)*

*Mr. Asp.* The first time we ever agreed; oh! what an eternal plague to a house is a crusty old maid! I believe I could reconcile myself to a cannoneer for my brother-in-law, so he did but rid me of Tabitha.

*Enter Tiptoe, with a couple of fowling pieces in his hand.*

*Mr. Asp.* How now, sir?

*Tiptoe.* Beg your honour's pardon, did not know your honour was here *(going)*.



*Mr. Asp.* And suppose my honour had not been here, what might your worship have been going to do?

*Tiptoe.* Nothing, but swing these pieces over the chimney, sir.

*Mr. Asp.* You deserve to swing yourself, sirrah; bring fire-arms into the house at a time when we— (*aside*) but, pshaw, he knows nothing of my suspicions.

*Tiptoe.* Sir!

*Mr. Asp.* Take them away I say; I would as lief live in a vault with nothing but skulls and jawbones for a prospect, as sit by my parlour fire with a gun continually before my nose. (*Exit Tiptoe singing.*) There now, I am never low-spirited, never out of humour, but all my family make a point of jarring my ears with their discordant voices, but if I am accidentally high spirited, and wish for a musical sort of sound, no, not even Topple the spaniel will howl, though I kick him till my leg aches again: I was born to be miserable and unhappy, oh dear! oh dear!

*Enter Maria.*

*Maria.* Bless me, sir, what is the matter?

*Mr. Asp.* Why, that we all stand a chance of being blown up in our beds to night,

*Maria.* Mercy upon us, guardian! but surely if you foresee so great an evil, sir, you will be on the safe side, and not go to bed.

*Mr. Asp.* Is this a time for jésting, when for ought I know, a gang of villains may at this moment be undermining the house, and planting layers of gunpowder under our feet.

*Maria.* Good gracious, I hope not.

*Mr. Asp.* And much good that does to be sure; zounds! your apathy provokes me worse than my sister's chattering; I believe my insensible family will in time rival Salamanders; I am convinced that now they would not scruple boiling their tea-water on a cross stick at the mouth of a volcano, and browning their toast by the heat of the lava!

*Maria.* Seriously, guardian, what do you mean?

*Mr. Asp.* That there is a highwayman now in the house, who at night will let in the rest of the gang, to rob and murder us, and then blow up the dwelling.

*Maria.* Surely you do not suspect the strange gentleman who arrived this morning?

*Mr. Asp.* But indeed I do; Sir George said immediately my spruce-looking, duel-fighting, shuffling gentleman would turn out a highwayman; I became entirely of his opinion,

and mentioned my suspicions to my sister, which she forsooth, in one of her long-winded orations, thought proper to turn into ridicule.

*Maria.* Oh! guardian, now I see the whole mystery, she is an accomplice.

*Mr. Aspin.* What Tabitha?

*Maria.* Yes, sir, Miss Aspin.

*Mr. Aspin.* What to blow up the house?

*Maria.* Oh Lord! no, sir; I believe her quite innocent as to that; but promise me your secrecy, and I will tell you every word I know.

*Mr. Asp.* Well, I do, I do.

*Maria.* Well, sir, you must know that about an hour ago, as I was walking in the garden, when I approached the woodbine arbour, methought I heard a rustling, and somebody speaking very low, in a most dismally plaintive voice, so I peeped through the bushes, and whom should I see but Miss Aspin seated, and my young spark down on his knees before her, devouring her lilly hand with kisses.

*Mr. Asp.* Ay, ay, he soon found out which way to gain her favor I warrant him; it was no such difficult matter to discover the old girl had a liquorish tooth left; well?

*Maria.* Then followed a formal declaration of his love, and his having thus contrived to



gain admittance here in order to avow his passion for her.

*Mr. Asp.* Delectably ridiculous! well so, she caught like tinder I suppose?

*Maria.* No indeed, guardian, Miss Aspin was staunch timber on the occasion I assure you; she only appointed him to meet her in her study an hour hence.

*Mr. Aspin.* The devil she did! but now of what service is this to me? his making love to my sister does not prevent him blowing up my house.

*Maria.* But leave the management of him to me, sir, and I promise to rid your house of him before night, and make Miss Aspin repent her folly in listening to him (*going*).

*Mr. Aspin.* Then in you I place my hope of safety, and my only request is, that if it be possible you will kill two birds with one stone, and rid my house of them both. (*Exit.*)

*Enter Jenny (running).*

*Jenny.* Madam, madam.

*Maria.* Well, what is the business?

*Jenny.* Lord, madam, I am all over in such a twitter, I scarcely know how to tell you;— why you must know, madam, just now, as I came past the Green Dragon, whom should I

see jump out of a post-chaise but the smart Captain that used to visit you at Bath.

*Maria.* What Captain Harland?

*Jenny.* The very same, madam; so as I suppose he got a glimpse of me, for he dodged me all the way into our yard, and then he stopped me, madam, and swore he must see you or he should die for love of you.

*Maria.* Impudent wretch! desire him to go about his business—a troublesome creature.

*Jenny.* Shall I tell him you say so, madam (*going*).

*Maria.* Yes,—no, no, stay, I will tell him myself.

*Jenny.* But how shall we get him into the house, madam, my master has locked the door for fear the strange gentleman should be pursued.

(*Captain Harland jumps in at the window, and kneels behind Maria, unseen by her.*)

*Maria.* Has he so? why then we will open him the window, girl (*turns towards the window, and seeing the Captain shrieks*).

*Harl.* It is already done, my angel, and the most obedient of your slaves humbly soliciting your forgiveness for thus anticipating your kind intentions towards him.

*Jenny (aside).* Oh! then it is time for me to be off. (Exit.)

*Maria.* To you, Captain, who by trade lie in ambush, and take by surprise, this may appear a very pretty manœuvre, but I must beg leave to say, you give no striking proof of your gallantry to break thus abruptly into a lady's presence.

*Harl.* But being under the guidance of that blind leader Cupid, I eagerly followed his footsteps to the head quarters of love and beauty.

*Maria.* Believe me, you get no billet here, so take my advice and seek other quarters.

*Harl.* Nay, my dear Miss Woodland, this cruelty is insupportable, but if you exercise it only to prove the validity of my passion, I swear by all my hopes of—

*Maria.* Oh! swear by Venus, swear by Venus, or I shall not believe one word you say.

*Harl.* Then by the smiling Cyprian Queen, rivalled by you alone, I have renounced all women kind but you; (*kneels*) Can you doubt the sincerity of my passion? Stand cruelly unmoved, not speak one word to snatch me from despair? (*rises*) Oh! wretched miserable! but I submit; Miss Woodland dooms me to eternal tortures, and her decree, though sealed by instant death, is bliss extatic when compared to life without her love.

*Maria.* Pray, Captain, do you really imagine me to be a fool?



*Harl.* Miss Woodland!—madam!—

*Maria.* From that elegant exclamation, I suppose I am to infer that you do condescend to allow me a single grain of common sense; then under this liberal opinion which you entertain of my humble understanding, how dare you imagine that I am to be ready to fly into your arms, because some sudden whim has induced you to fall upon your knees, vow, swear, and rattle over two or three romantic speeches, without rhyme or reason.

*Harl.* Nay, Maria, —

*Maria.* Or to put it in the fairest light possible, as you are a soldier, do you think that I, like a poor besieged city, am to be battered by the artillery of your flowery words, stormed by their faithful allies your red coat and cockade, my barriers burst through by the irresistibility of your woeful eyes, the city plundered, and my poor panting little fluttering heart taken prisoner? no, no, Captain, you are quite mistaken, against such an armament I could stand out a seven years' siege I promise you.

*Harl.* This vivacity is charming, but indeed, Maria, you must not drive me from my purpose —

*Maria.* Of making me your eternal slave;

upon my word, sir, I am vastly obliged to you for the compliment.

*Harl.* No, dearest girl, of making you the mistress of my life and fortune.

*Maria.* Ah! Captain, you men talk very prettily before marriage, but ere the conclusion of the honey-moon, the once empress of your soul, the terrestrial divinity, at whose altar you once bowed with unremitting zeal, is loathed as a restraint upon those pleasures in which you were wont too freely to indulge, and you yourself become the jest of your libertine associates because you have made the woman of of your heart honourably happy.

*Harl.* Talk not of any pleasures, my angelic girl, but what are centered in yourself; the world without you is to me a mere desert, a wild uncultivated—

*Maria.* Oh Lord! this nonsense will make me hate you worse than ever, so for your own sake let me go (*going*).

*Harl. (stopping her)* Nay, my dear girl, do not leave me thus exposed to—

*Maria.* Why, what should I do with you? put you in my pocket? but come, I will tell you what, if you will consent to wear a disguise, perhaps I may billet you for one day.

*Harl.* You are my commander, and whatever orders you issue, I shall obey.

*Maria.* Then you must—but we are interrupted, so come with me, and I will give you my instructions, and now remember, Captain, if you are docile, you stand a chance of being promoted, if you mutiny, I instantly disband you. (Exeunt.)

*Enter Robert and Miss Dalton.*

*Robert.* Nay, nay, my love, bear up, the worst is past.

*Miss Dalt.* Say rather it is yet to come; what taunts must not a girl who could forego her sex as I have done expect from a censuring world?

*Robert.* The world, Charlotte, can only say that you fled from a mercenary father to the protection of the man of your choice.

*Miss Dalt.* But the world, far from viewing the fair side of our foibles, is too apt to darken that which is already gloomy.

*Enter Maria.*

*Maria.* Dark and gloomy; Lord have mercy upon you both after the conclusion of the honey-moon, if you talk thus before its commencement.

*Miss Dalt.* Oh! Miss Woodland, had you committed the rash step of which I have been guilty—



*Maria.* Oh Lord! my dear, in my opinion the rash part of the business is yet to come, so summon up your courage to go through with it, and hear how I have been plotting and counterplotting to bring you off with flying colours.

*Robert.* Ay, how did you succeed with my guardian, sister?

*Maria.* Beyond my expectation; the old gentleman swallowed the bait most voraciously; he easily conceived Miss Dalton to be Miss Aspin's admirer, but still persists in her being a highwayman; now I have promised him to rid the house of this alarming person before night, which, if you follow my instructions, may easily be done.

*Robert.* Dear sister, what are they?

*Maria.* To you, dear brother, only to beware of not betraying yourself, and to you Miss Dalton, to continue to ply Miss Aspin with all the tender speeches romance ever invented, and leave the rest to me. But now I must call upon you both, in my turn, to lend me your assistance: a daring, impudent sort of a fellow, called a Captain, who fancied himself over head and ears in love with me when I was last at Bath, has actually had the audacity to follow me hither, and is at this moment locked up in my dressing-room.

*Robert.* Oh, ho! Maria, you have carried matters snugger than we have, methinks; but how can I serve you and the closeted gentleman?

*Maria.* Why here, take this key, go and carry him a suit of Tiptoe's cast livery, and introduce him to the family as Mr. Youngman's servant—have I your leave, Charlotte?

*Miss Dalt.* Certainly, my dear.

*Enter John.*

*John (to Miss Dalt.)* Miss Aspin, sir, wishes to shew you the hot-house, if you are at leisure.

*Miss Dalt.* I attend her (*Exit John*). So the bait catches already;—now for rhapsody, poetry, metaphor, simile—

*Robert.* Oh! never be at a loss for that, compare her to the aloe in the middle of the green-house, and your simile will hold to a letter; come, I will attend you.

(*Exit Miss Dalt. and Robert.*)

*Maria.* This livery scheme pleases me vastly, I declare I even almost begin to think I wish for the eclaircissement (*going*).

*Enter Sir George, in his pantaloons, stock; scarlet coat, fashionable waistcoat, &c. &c.*

*Sir George (stopping her).* Miss Woodland, Miss Woodland.

*Maria* (turning round, bursts out a laughing). Ha, ha, ha, I declare Sir George, ha, ha, ha, I did not know you.

*Sir George* (turning round to shew his dress). Does my dress please you?

*Maria*. Oh! mightily, ha, ha, ha.

*Sir George*. It strikes you, does it?

*Maria*. Singularly, ha, ha, ha.

*Sir George*. Aye, it is all on your account, my angel, that I am thus metamorphosed; you told me yesterday, the dress I wore was not to your taste.

*Maria*. And now I have not taste enough to admire this; ha, ha, ha. (Exit.)

*Sir George* (looking after her through his glass) Sweet rogue, how she smiles on me! she cannot withstand my pantaloons, I see she cannot; she cannot forbear— (turns round and sees Mr. Aspin standing by him)

*Mr. Asp.* Laughing at you; why who the devil can? ha, ha, ha.

*Sir George*. What do you mean, brother? what do you mean?

*Mr. Asp.* Why that I think that dress would have been of great service to you in Barbadoes.

*Sir George*. How so?

*Mr. Asp.* You might have stuck yourself up



for a scarecrow in your own sugar-plantations, that is all. *(Exit, calling Maria.)*

*Sir George.* Zounds, am I to be ousted thus by one who knows no more of fashion and dress than he does of trade, that is, as ignorant of the taste of a pair of pantaloons as of drawing out an invoice, that—

*Enter Smatter, with a spencer in his hand.*

*Smatt.* Oh ! sir, here it is ; here it is—my dear, sir, you seem disordered, what is the matter, sir ?

*Sir George.* But I'll be cool—

*Smatt.* Cool, aye, I dare say your honor finds a sensible difference between our variable climate, and the scorching suns of Barbadoes ; they are enough to wear a delicate constitution threadbare in the threading of a needle.

*Sir George.* No, no, it is not that, I have been warm just now.

*Smatt.* Aye, sir, as you observe, the sun did shine just now, but it is turned cool and cloudy—let me advise you to put on this, I brought it on purpose to show you.

*Sir George.* What the devil should I put on that thing for, I have got on the trowsers, and now you want me to put on the jacket, to make a complete Jack tar of me.

*Smatt.* And as there cannot be a more noble character than a *British Sailor*, I must more earnestly than ever entreat you to wear it (*Sir George puts it on*). Well; how do you like the spencer? is it to your taste?

*Sir George.* The what?

*Smatt.* Short great coat, Sir George; great coat; we call them tippy spencers.

*Sir George.* A great coat! why where the devil are the skirts?

*Smatt.* Skirts, sir! no such thing worn; that is a very large one, sir; for the present fashion, they talk of having only sleeves and cape very shortly.

*Sir George.* Why dam'me that is as bad as the French, without ever a shirt to their ruffles.

*Smatt.* Ha, ha, ha, you love a joke, sir, and so I may observe in return, we do not savour of their fashion in regard to this part of the dress (*pointing to the pantaloons*).

*Sir George.* Well, well, as the woman I intend marrying is young, and may like me the better for being tasty, I will keep it; I think it becomes me, do not you, Smatter?

*Smatt.* Never saw one sit so well before, sir. (*aside*) Dam'me if he is not more like a baboon than any animal I ever saw. (*to him*) Oh! sir, it is admirably adapted to you—such a

shape! such an air! such a grace! oh! it is divine!

*Sir George.* Do you think so! I shall call upon you in an hour's time about the writings, mum.

*Smatt.* Shall most certainly have them prepared, and shall expect the honor of your visit with superlative pleasure. (*Exit Sir George.*) Thus it is that all trades flourish, by cutting out a sample of flattery to the taste of their customers; and thus through life, a dull matter of fact fellow, however an adept in his profession, never sits quiet in the scale of reputation longer than till a romantic dog, with a smattering of his art, sinks down the balance, and kicks up sober-sides like a feather to the top of the beam.

End of the Second Act.



## ACT III.

SCENE I.—THE HALL AT MR. ASPIN'S.

*Enter Miss Aspin, with a note in her hand.*

*Miss Asp.* To consult Mrs. Palmer I am determined; why should not she possess the same power of casting future events as the augurs of old? and how do I know but this young fellow may have been deluding my virgin heart? I have written a note to her, but now whom shall I employ to carry it? common servants are not fit for such purposes; Gibbs will certainly make some blunder if I trust her with it—Jenny? no, she will betray me to Maria—Mr. Youngman's servant is unknown in the village, and consequently may carry it unsuspected,—let me see, what is his name? Oh! William, Maria called him—now I wonder whether he is in the servants' hall; (*opens a door and calls*) Mr. William, Mr. William, Mr. William, oh! he answers.

*Enter Captain Harland in a livery.*

*Miss Asp.* Mr. William, I believe—that is—Mr. William you appear to me to be a very discreet sort of a young man.

*Harl. (aside)* What the devil can she be driving at? *(to her)* I hope so, madam; I—

*Miss Asp.* I think, Mr. William, your look tells me you would not betray a lady's secrets.

*Harl. (aside)* Here is a pretty joke. *(to her)* I cannot think, madam, any lady would flatter me so highly as to—

*Miss Asp.* Yes, indeed I mean to entrust you with mine; you must do me the favour to accept this bit of gold, and contrive to deliver this note into the hands of the landlady at the Green Dragon, without saying of whom you had it, or where you come from.

*Harl.* Thank you, madam, I will be very careful—

*Miss Asp.* And secret, remember. *(Exit.)*

*Hal.* Hang me if I think I shall ever forget you; may I be drummed out of the regiment, if I did not suppose she had a mind for two strings to her bow, and was going to make love to me as well as to my sham master; egad, a lucky escape; well, I suppose in order to keep up my present character, I must carry this billet doux *(going)*.

*Enter Maria, she snatches the note out of his hand.*

*Maria.* I suppose it was intended for me,

so I will save you the trouble ; I hope it contains some very pretty things : (*opens it and reads*) " Madam, your skill in the occult sciences—tempted me—secrecy—alone—three o'clock—Tabitha Aspin."—Ha, ha, ha, Miss Aspin going to consult the famous fortune-teller, as I live ; and pray how came you by this ?

*Harl.* That and a guinea were just now entrusted to my care for the landlady of the neighbouring inn by the fair hand of the fair writer ; I suppose the old lady thought she had some claim upon my services, as being the supposed lackey of her sham admirer.

*Maria.* Oh ! certainly : but come, I flatter myself, though I should not lavish on you another guinea, you will lose no time in wafering it up again, and carrying it to the place appointed, when I tell you that you will render me an infinite service by so doing.

*Harl.* And may I in return presume to ask, how one old woman's consulting another as ignorant as herself, can possibly benefit you ?

*Maria.* Why you know the promise I have made my brother of my assistance ; now supposing I were to personate the old witch, I warrant you my predictions will prove truer than the luckiest hit she could possibly make,



and let me alone for delivering them with the true ambiguity of the Delphio Oracle.

*Harl.* Oh! Maria, you will certainly be known.

*Maria.* Never fear that, I will borrow the fate-spring robes and wand, so no more of your objections, but fly with the note.

*Harl.* Success attend your enterprise.

*(Exit Harl.)*

*Maria.* I think I have Miss Aspin pretty safe under my clutches now, so I do not much fear bringing about a conclusion favourable to Robert and myself.

*Jenny crosses the stage.*

*Maria.* Oh! Jenny, if Mr. Aspin enquires for me, I am just stepped into the village.

*(Exit Maria.)*

*Jenny.* Very well, madam.

*Enter Tiptoe.*

*Tiptoe.* So here is a pretty dust kicked up.

*Jenny.* Why what is the matter?

*Tiptoe.* Only I am going to prison, that's all.

*Jenny.* Lord a mercy, Tiptoe, who is going to send you?

*Tiptoe.* That old jade Gibbs.

*Jenny.* And for what?

*Tiptoe.* For what she has taken the sure way never to get—money—a trifle, twenty guineas, I borrowed of her just to cut a dash with in London.

*Jenny.* Ah ! Tiptoe, you fellows will imitate your masters.

*Tiptoe.* True, and still following their example, our game frequently ends in an arrest.

*Jenny.* Well, but is there no way to get off?

*Tiptoe.* Yes, one, but it is ten times worse than lying a year in the fleet.

*Jenny.* What is it?

*Tiptoe.* Marriage.

*Jenny.* With whom?

*Tiptoe.* Gibbs ; I promised her marriage, or payment at three months' end ; I can't satisfy her one way, and the devil take me if I will the other—she tells me she means to take out a writ against me.

*Jenny.* No, Tiptoe, you sha'n't go to prison for that old, malicious creature, I will beg, borrow, or steal, first.

*Tiptoe.* Egad, I never thought of that plan, I will do as much.

*Jenny.* Well then, perhaps both of us together we shall be able to satisfy her demands.

*Tiptoe.* I believe she would be better satisfied with only half of us, but come along.

(*Exeunt.*)

SCENE II.—THE BAR OF AN INN; BARMAID IN THE BAR, WAITERS CROSSING THE STAGE.

*Enter Mrs. Slipslop and Maria.*

*Mrs. Slip.* Pray walk in here, ma'am, fine day, ma'am.

*Maria.* Mrs. Slipslop, I want just to ask you—

*Mrs. Slip.* Highly honoured by your presence, ma'am, I am sure—would not you please to take a chair, ma'am?

*Maria.* Oh! no, thank you, my business will be over in a few minutes, I only wished to enquire whether there is not a person in your house—

*Mrs. Slip.* Oh! yes, ma'am, you mean Mrs. Palmer, ma'am, yes, ma'am—deeply read in the stars, ma'am—a deal of custom she has indeed, ma'am; she has been in all the great cities of this kingdom, as I have been told, ma'am; she has got a wonderful name, and she deserves it, ma'am, for to be sure she is a vast sensible woman—no disparagement to any lady to visit her, ma'am.

*Maria.* Well, you shall introduce me to her, but I would not have it mentioned for the world, you know, Mrs.—

*Mrs. Slip.* Dear me, ma'am, I never talk I



assure you, ma'am, it does not become people in trade to be talkers, ma'am;—she is not alone just now; I am sure I could not help laughing to see Mrs. Pratt, the curate's fat wife, hobble up stairs; I suppose she is come to enquire whose sow will farrow next, that she may come in for her tythe,—well, if I am ever prevailed on to marry again, Heaven defend me from starving with a poor pitiful curate, on twenty pounds a year and small tythes.

*Maria.* And Heaven defend me from ever being so fashionably unfeeling as to lavish on foreign follies that which, if properly applied, might raise from despondency, to cheerfulness and competency, the head of a respectable man drooping beneath his inability to rear an indigent and virtuous offspring.

*Mrs. Slip.* Oh! dear, aye, ma'am, true, very true indeed, as you say—now here is a poor woman in my house at this minute, come to beg a little wine, her husband has broke his leg, and so they are thrown out of work; but lack a day, as I say, one can't do for every body.

*Maria.* Let me see her, Mrs. —

*Mrs. Slip.* Oh! if your ladyship is so kind as to extend your charity to old Dorcas, I can

carry it to her; to be sure you would not condescend to—

*Maria.* No—pray introduce her Mrs. Slipslop.

*Mrs. Slip.* Oh! to be sure, if your ladyship wishes it—here good woman—Dorcas— (*Exit calling.*)

*Maria.* Why should I blush to be seen conversing with, and relieving the necessities of the wretched, when so many of my sex glory in holding familiar discourse with their illiterate grooms on the pedigree of a horse or dog.

*Enter Mrs. Slipslop and Dorcas.*

*Mrs. Slip.* Here, ma'am, here is Mrs. What's her name.

*Maria.* Has your husband had any surgical assistance, good woman?

*Dorcas.* Mr. Smatter, an't please your ladyship's honor, set the bone.

*Maria.* Has nobody else seen him?

*Dorcas.* No, your ladyship.

*Maria.* Take that and get him better attendance (*gives her purse to Dorcas, who kisses her hand and bursts into tears*). Mrs. Slipslop, I think I see a chaise driving into the yard, I will step into your little room a few minutes, if you will give me leave.

*Mrs. Slip.* Oh! pray, ma'am, use it as your own.

*(Exit Maria, looking at Dorcas, and striving to conceal her emotion.)*

*Mrs. Slip.* Well, what are you struck, that you could not once say "thank you" to her ladyship for her bounty? ah! it is no wonder generosity grows scarce, the ingratitude of the world is enough to make people forswear all charity.

*Dorcas.* Heaven bless her dear, kind heart *(going)*.

*Mrs. Slip.* Here, stop, you are mighty quick-footed, now you have got all you can, but come, pay me for the wine you had, I can't afford to give mine away to people with a purse full of guineas—here, barmaid, take the money of this good woman for half a pint of Canary. *(Barmaid comes from the bar, and exit with Dorcas.)*

*Mrs. Slip.* Here Joe, ostler, Harry, a chaise driving into the yard, shew the globe, do you hear, shew the globe. *(Enter Waiter.)* Here, Harry, run to Joe ostler, and bid him say we have no horses at home, but expect a pair in an hour's time, and do you hear, give the London boy a dram of Hollands, and tell him to be sure to say, his horses can't go the next



stage. (*Exit Waiter.*) Now I think I have insured them for taking a snack of dinner, while they are waiting for their horses; oh! but my wits have got me more money than my hands.

*Enter Alderman Dalton, Postboy, and Waiter.*

*Dalt.* Aye, aye, we will just step in here while the horses are putting to.

*Mrs. Slip.* Happy to see you, sir, hope you have had a pleasant ride, sir; I have no horses at home upon my word, but I expect a pair in shortly. Harry, ask Joe ostler when the chaise that went for Brentford this morning will return.

*Waiter.* He expects it back in less than an hour, madam.

*Dalt.* Why then the London boy must go on, for we have not a minute to lose.

*Postboy.* My beasts, your honour, cannot go any further indeed, these seventeen miles have quite done them up.

*Enter Alderman Perigord and Barmaid.*

*Ald. Perig.* Yes, yes, a very tempting larder indeed—what is that, cannot you get a chaise?

*Ald. Dalt.* I cannot get a horse to put to it, what the devil is to be done?

*Mrs. Slip.* Suppose your honours were to take a snack, just a nice steak, or something of the kind in the mean time, I will send out the lad to meet the horses, and hasten them home; it is upon the stroke of three, gentlemen, and you recollect it will save you time at the next stage.

*Ald. Perig.* That was a delicious pasty that caught my eye as I passed the larder.

*Ald. Dalt.* Eh! what! a pasty?

*Mrs. Slip.* Yes, sir, a nice cold venison pasty.

*Ald. Dalt.* Why I do not know but, as you say, it might do us good, Mrs. — what is your name?

*Mrs. Slip.* Slipslop, at your service, sir—I and my husband, sir—to be sure he is dead and gone now, poor man, our racketing life wore him quite out—I and he together have kept this house, let me see, these thirty-three years, and upwards, and in all that time I never once heard the word, Mrs. Slipslop your beds are indifferent, your horses are beaten o' the hoofs, or your wine is not of the best quality; the house has always been noted for good entertainment.

*Ald. Dalt.* Well, Alderman, what say you to fortifying your stomach?

*Ald. Perig.* I say that pasty looked as if it

would be very palatable; but shall not we lose time in pursuing your fair daughter?

*Ald. Dalt.* Pshaw, let us have a good dinner, that is better worth thinking about than a run-away girl; come, Mrs. Slipslop, let us have a peep at your bill of fare.

*Mrs. Slip.* Directly, sir; here Betty, Betty, I say. (Exit.)

*Ald. Perig.* But now, while we are feasting on our pasty, or what not, suppose your daughter, Miss Dalton, my wife that was to have been, but now I suppose never will be, should reach the land of matrimonial liberty, and get tacked to her dangler before we overtake her.

*Ald. Dalt.* Why then you will be your settlement into pocket, and I shall be a gainer too, for though I never would have given the dog my consent, as then I must also have given him a fortune with her, yet if it is done in this way, I shall not much care, however I may seem displeased, for it will save me the expence of maintaining her and the fortune into the bargain.

*Ald. Perig.* What! and have I been brought hither on a goose-chase? a—

*Ald. Dalt.* Pshaw, what signifies riding a few miles for such a delicious pasty?



*Ald. Perig.* Why true, that does make some amends I allow.

*Ald. Dalt.* And then as I have saved her portion, I will tell you what I will do with it, I will live on turtle and tokay for a month to come, and invite you to dine with me every day; here, waiter, shew a room. (*Exeunt.*)

---

SCENE III.—A ROOM AT THE INN, A TABLE, WITH GLOBES, &c.

*Mrs. Palmer discovered in black robes, with a wand, &c. Enter Paddy running, with a plate covered, knife, fork, and a bottle of wine.*

*Paddy.* Here, sister, here is your dinner.

*Mrs. Palm.* Oh! very well, carry it into the closet. (*Exit Paddy into the closet, and returns again.*) Five guineas from the curate's wife, for sending her away as wise as she came.

*Paddy.* Oh! but with a devilish deal lighter heart you know, sister, for you recollect she unburthened all her secrets to you.

*Mrs. Palm.* Yes, and then was strück dumb with astonishment at my repeating them; but I will tell you what, brother, you must grow more discreet, or we shall be discovered; I

expect one day or other to hear you call me sister Jones, in plain English, in the presence of some of my credulous customers, instead of Mrs. Palmer, in the true Irish brogue; so in order to refresh your memory, if any visitor should come in whilst I am taking a snack, tell them the story we trumped up about your being my Irish servant.

*(Exit Mrs. Palmer into the closet.)*

*Paddy.* 'Gad, and so I will.

*Mrs. Slip. (without)* Mr. Paddy, Mr. Paddy.

*Paddy.* Arrah, what's that me you want by calling my name, my dear? *(Opens the door, enter Mrs. Slislop.)*

*Mrs. Slip.* Here is a lady, Mr. Paddy—a lady—pray walk in, ma'am.

*Enter Maria, and exit Mrs. Slislop.*

*Maria.* Is Mrs. Palmer to be spoken with, young man?

*Paddy.* Arrah, by St. Patrick, dear shoul, I can hardly tell, whether she be or not just now, for she is conversing with her black book full of white leaves, do you see, honey.

*Maria.* Well, never mind that, tell her I must, if possible, see her directly, if it be but for a minute.

*Paddy.* Oh! by my shoul, but—

*Maria* (giving him money). Here, here, now I am sure I can.

*Paddy*. Well, I'll tell her dear heart. (*aside*) Oh! but she understands doing business.

(*Exit.*)

*Enter Mrs. Palmer.*

*Mrs. Palm.* Was it from you, madam, that I had the honor of receiving a note just now?

*Maria*. No, madam, but it is relative to it that I am now here.

*Mrs. Palm.* Oh dear! I assure you, you must excuse me, but I make it a practice never to tell one lady what passes with another.

*Maria*. Oh! you quite mistake me, Mrs. Palmer, I do not mean to ask such a thing of you; but is it as fixed rule with you not to translate your prophetic powers to another?

*Mrs. Palm.* Were I ever so strongly inclined to oblige you, madam, I assure you it is utterly impossible for me to—

*Maria*. What to lend me your robes and wand? that is all I require of you, for you must excuse me saying, though you may depend on my not uttering a syllable to the prejudice of your powers elsewhere, that I am so great an unbeliever as to imagine that the success of the prophetic art depends on the credulity of those who consult it.



*Mrs. Palm.* Pardon me, madam, I could give you indisputable proofs—

*Maria.* I do not require them, Mrs. Palmer, nor do I intend longer to dispute *your* abilities than till you allow me to try *mine*.

*Mrs. Palm.* I must first know your motives for this request, madam, and then determine, whether I can, without injury to my profession, consent to oblige you.

*Enter Paddy.*

*Paddy.* Arrah, boderation now, here is the lady that sent the note.

*Maria.* Oh heavens! come, let me step into that room with you and slip on your dress: nay, nay, no objections, I will lay you ten guineas I acquit myself to your satisfaction.

*Mrs. Palm.* I should seem too vain of my own powers, madam, were I any longer to oppose your earnest request.—Paddy, desire the lady to sit down, and I will attend her in a few minutes.

*(Exeunt Mrs. Palmer & Maria into the closet.)*

*Paddy.* Well said, sister, pocket the guineas, and give her the conjuration. *(goes to the door)* Arrah, your ladyship, pray be after walking in.

*Enter Miss Aspin.*

*Miss Asp.* Is Mrs. Palmer at home, young man?

*Paddy.* Oh! yes honey, but my mistress is at home, she's at her boderation work in the next room, by my shoul!

*Miss Asp.* I have been told her predictions generally prove very true.

*Paddy.* Oh! the dear joy, are they; why when she was in Dublin fair city last year, she resided a year in Ireland, and came annually to Dublin the second week in every month; she told my own maiden sister, that she should not die a batchelor, and by my shoul, I have had a letter to tell me, she is brought to bed, but whether I am an uncle or an aunt, the Lord help me I know not; it was then I first came into her sarvice.

*Miss Asp.* You do not know how she gains her knowledge I suppose.

*Paddy.* Oh! but you will be after telling her Paddy said—and then—

*Miss Asp.* No, upon my word, and you will oblige me extremely; here young man (*gives him money*).

*Paddy.* Thank your ladyship; why you must know, one day in the night I heard her making a boderation noise, so I peeps through the key hole of the door, do you see, and there I sees her with nothing at all, at all, on but her bed gown, all naked as she was born, and

there she was sitting, and there was a crater—by my shoul I believe it was a black cat, only it had horns on—walking about upon two of it's hind legs, instead of all fours like a gentleman, and then he jumped upon her shoulder, and growled into her ear.

*Miss Asp.* Well, and what did the cat say?

*Paddy.* Oh! boderation, did I not tell you I was not listening only looking on?

*Enter Maria masked, in Mrs. Palmer's dress.*

*Exit Paddy. Both ladies courtseying.*

*Miss Asp. (presenting a purse)* Do me the favour to accept this, madam.

*Maria (taking the purse).* Madam.

*Miss Asp.* I wish to enquire—

*Maria.* I know your thoughts, and will answer them (*sits down at the table*).

*Miss Asp. (aside)* How infinitely wise she seems.

*Maria (opening a large book).* Before I proceed, madam, it is necessary for me to know the initials of the gentleman's name, relative to whom you now consult me.

*Miss Asp.* Madam, it is—it is—

*Maria.* I have found it, madam, Youngman is his name.

*Miss Asp. (aside)* Heavens! I declare she



quite overpowers me—I tremble at the decision of my fate: Gods! Gods! smile benign on the pure wishes of an innocent virgin.

*Maria (who has been writing in the book).* That leaf contains all you wish to know—read it aloud (*retires up the stage*).

*Miss Asp. (reads)* “If Youngman ever marries woman, you are she, obstacles may arise in the way of your happiness, flight may ensure your felicity—delays are dangerous.” (*to Maria*) Thanks, madam, thanks for your happy predictions, but still I—

*Maria.* Question me no further; I have told you all I am permitted to reveal—Paddy wait on the lady down.

(*Enter Paddy, exit Maria.*)

*Miss Asp. (aside)* Thanks, smiling god of love, never hadst thou a purer oblation than the palpitating heart; I now fly to sacrifice at thy resplendent shrine. (*Exeunt.*)

---

SCENE IV.—A ROOM AT MR. ASPIN’S.

*Enter Miss Aspin, taking off her cloak, as being just returned, and Sir George.*

*Miss Asp.* Yes, Sir George, yes, Mr. Aspin mentioned to me your suspicions, but you are

quite mistaken indeed with regard to the opinion you have formed of Mr. Youngman; there is a very different motive from what you imagine for his visiting this house.

*Sir George.* Well, Miss Aspin, since you seem so perfectly well acquainted with his affairs, will you condescend to give me a little insight into them?

*Miss Asp.* If I were certain I could depend upon your secrecy, Sir George, I—

*Sir George.* Depend upon me! why my name was a proverb on the Quay in Barbadoes; my word was always reckoned as firm as the bank.

*Miss Asp.* Well, Sir George, all I feared was that what I am going to entrust you with might come to the ears of Mr. Aspin—love was the pilot that steered Mr. Youngman hither—

*Enter Mr. Aspin unseen.*

*Sir George.* What the devil has the fellow a hankering after Maria? I will inform my brother of it immediately, positively I will; I think, Miss Aspin, you ought to know better, let me tell you, than to forward schemes that may ruin your brother's ward (*going*).

*Miss Asp.* Stay, Sir George, you are wrong again in your suspicions; Maria—

*Sir George.* Shall not be thrown away on a vagabond (*going*).

*Miss Asp.* Sir George, your word is pledged

*Sir George.* But to save my brother's ward from ruin, I think it meritorious to break it.

(*Exit.*)

*Mr. Aspin stands observing her.*

*Miss Asp. (calling after Sir George)* I tell you he is in love with me; oh! cruel man, to force me to so abrupt a confession of the gentle flame that preys upon my love-devoted heart, oh! oh! oh! (*flings herself into a chair, and seeing Mr. Aspin, rises again*) You here, sir! well, sir, Mr. Aspin, what do you want? are you fixed, Mr. Aspin?

*Mr. Asp. (sings and dances)* "Then hey for a wedding, and hey for a bedding," &c. &c. ha, ha, very good, faith.

*Miss Asp.* And why that sneer, sir? is it so wonderful that I should have added one more to the string of admirers who are dying to lay their hearts and fortunes at my feet? I think, sir, you need not have shewn such surprise at my having captivated a tender youth, after having received the addresses of Colonel Slapdash, Lord Sparkle, the Marquis of Maserini, Captain Tatto, and Sir Frederick Framble.

*Mr. Asp.* Oh! no, my surprise is at your having remained single so long.



*Miss Asp.* Why, poor swains, they had all too great a respect for me ever to avow their love, or at least to make any great advances.

*Mr. Asp.* I think the Colonel seems entirely to have deserted you.

*Miss Asp.* He visits me less frequently than usual, I confess, but that is in order to evince the pleasing awe in which he stands of me.

*Mr. Asp.* Lord Sparkle makes a jest of you wherever he goes.

*Miss Asp.* Poor man, despair has turned his brain.

*Mr. Asp.* And despair I suppose made the Marquis turn out a valet de chambre, and the Captain a recruiting serjeant.

*Miss Asp.* Oh! Mr. Aspin, that spirit of detraction and envy which you possess—

*Mr. Asp.* I envious, sister? nay, never say so, am I envious of Sir Frederick Framble's phaeton and four, or of the pretty woman that fills the seat you disdained to occupy? stay, do not let me accuse you wrongfully, did Sir Frederick make you an offer, sister?

*Miss Asp.* Mr. Aspin, are not you ashamed of your vulgarity? but it proceeds from your ignorance, and upon that consideration I forgive you, when the undiscerning would despise you.

(Exit.)

*Mr. Asp.* So, here is a pretty joke; I think I begin to see which way my jemmy brother casts a wolf's eye, but egad I will puzzle him; he marry Maria indeed!—

*Enter Sir George.*

*Sir George.* So, brother, you call yourself a wise, circumspect guardian I suppose, you pretend to acquit yourself of all the duties you owe a deceased friend's daughter, and by way of example, you shelter a fortune-hunter under your roof, to steal her before your eyes—do not you hear me? or am I not worthy an answer? ay, you may well blush.

*Mr. Asp.* I am sorry I have occasion, but when I see a man tottering on the brink of the grave, yet extending his feeble hand to grasp at those pleasures which he has no longer the ability to enjoy, my blood will shew itself heated.

*Sir George.* You will recollect, sir, that you are talking to an elder brother.

*Mr. Asp.* I do, Sir George, I do; I allow you the superiority of ten good years.

*Sir George.* I think then you might at least have been more delicate in your remark.

*Mr. Asp.* And you, brother, I think ought to be sensible, that not he who makes the ob-

servation, but he who gives occasion for it to be made, is most in fault.

*Sir George.* The wise ones, brother, may sometimes be in fault too,—if you had come to an explanation with him—

*Mr. Asp.* You have only to do so now.

*Sir George.* What! with a rival; no, I will send him a challenge, that is the explanation that becomes a gentleman.

*Mr. Asp.* And in my opinion, brother, an equivocator who, knowing his conduct to have been such as will not stand the *test* of an explanation, precipitately seizes the only method left him of wiping out, in the eye of the world, a stain which his conscience tells him he is more deeply blackening.

*Sir George.* Pshaw, brother, a man must do these fashionable things that wishes to be noticed in the world; you have no idea of the true style of living.

*Mr. Asp.* No, but I have of dying, and no consideration should induce me to rush uncalled into eternity, or to reduce a fellow creature to the same extremity; if singularity is your aim, brother, be scrupulously just, charitable and humane, and believe me, you will be as particular as you could wish.

*Sir George.* I have no time to throw away



in arguing, brother, so answer me two plain questions, and I have done,—will you be my second?

*Mr. Asp.* I will be the first to exclaim against your conduct.

*Sir George.* Have I your consent to marry your ward, if I blow this fellow's brains out?

*Mr. Asp.* My ward has too good a sense of morality to marry a murderer.

*Sir George.* Then I will fight for the fame of the thing, and if I survive, I will advertise for a wife under the title of a baronet, who has just killed his man in a duel, and not a girl in the kingdom will be able to withstand the double charm. *(Exit.)*

*Mr. Asp.* Oh! my dear brother, I will tickle you most handsomely when you discover your mistake; ridicule is the most effective knife in pruning away the foibles of the mind, and I will use it deeply, but I will eradicate his;—fashionable follies may be glanced over with a smile of pity in youth, but in advanced age they excite a sneer of contempt.

End of the Third Act.

## ACT IV.

SCENE I.—A ROOM AT SMATTER'S.

*Smatter discovered sitting at a table writing, with wine before him.*

*Smatt.* WHAT a dull dog is he that places his happiness in a friend and bottle, when I, by excluding half the blessing, double my felicity (*drinks*).

*Enter Sir George.*

*Sir George.* Oh! Smatter, Smatter—

*Smatt. (rising.)* Sir George! I am most superlatively proud of the honor of receiving a visit from your honour; do me the honor to take a chair.

*Sir George.* I am come—

*Smatt.* For the writings; oh! yes, they are quite ready—fit for signing—produce them in the twinkling of an eye—will you favor me so highly as to taste my port, Sir George? smooth as oil, and mild as milk, though I say it—

*Sir George.* No, no, I—

*Smatt.* Perhaps Calcavella would be more palatable, or I have Madeira of the first quality—my claret I cannot boast of just at

present, but I have some of the best Malaga by me that ever moistened lip.

*Sir George.* Why what the deuce do you—

*Smatt.* Oh! yes, Sir George, I am a wine-merchant, one of my various professions—did not you observe the folding cellar-doors at the entrance, with a label in black and gold “Raisin, dealer in foreign wines?”

*Sir George.* I think I did, but—

*Smatt.* That is me again, I turn my hand to every thing, buy and sell, and live by the loss as the saying is,—here is your contract, Sir George, only to sign and seal, and the business is done in the stamping of a button-hole.

*Sir George.* Have done with this nonsense, and attend to me, I say—

*Smatt.* Nonsense, Sir George! I must beg leave to assure you, that my words, as well as my deeds, are never interspersed with nonsense; I either speak to the purpose, or not at all—this contract, Sir George, is drawn up by myself; you will perceive in it all the clearness, perspicuity, and eloquence of the law, for though I pride myself on being a man of few words, my style is flowing, sublime, and above all full of energy.

*Sir George.* Bamboo me, but you have tired my patience, attend to me directly, or—



*Smatt.* I do, Sir George, I do, with all possible humility.

*Sir George.* Well then, you must know, that I am going to fight a duel.

*Smatt.* And want me to pen you a stylish challenge?

*Sir George.* Exactly so.

*Smatt.* Very well, Sir George, very well, and of what price?

*Sir George.* Oh! I will satisfy you for your trouble.

*Smatt.* Oh! Sir George, not the minutest doubt of your generosity, but I always wish a gentleman to know the price of a commodity before he purchases; I have them of all prices, from five shillings to five pounds; the fact is, I write at half-a-crown a line—might have double the sum I am fully persuaded, but I scorn to be exorbitant,—a blessing accompanies a moderate profit (*sits down*). You will please to dictate, Sir George, and I will—

*Sir George.* Oh! but stay, Smatter, stay; though I wish to fight—

*Smatt.* I take you, you bear your antagonist no ill will, that is a common case now a days; shooting a bullet into the heart of your man has long given place to firing off a charge of powder into the air—it is not the pleasure,

but the fame of the thing you want; I comprehend you exactly.

*Sir George.* You do; but now as I have never seen this fellow, and am going to call him out on the bare suspicion of his being my rival, how do I know that, without my informing him who I am, and assigning some reason for my conduct, he will meet me.

*Smatt.* Oh! he must do that to keep up his character, as a man that hates wine gets dead drunk to save his reputation.

*Sir George.* But now, Smatter, supposing this fellow should turn out a cowardly sort of a dog, and bring me and my challenge under the clutches of the law!

*Smatt.* Oh! never let that thought trouble you, if the dog should turn out so damned ungentle a quiz, take me for your lawyer, and never fear but I shall have penned such a challenge as at the bar I shall be able to construe into a congratulatory epistle on his having gained the lady's heart; you do not half know Smatter yet; I once drew out a will, which I worded so fully satisfactory to the dying man, that he clapped me down for a snug legacy, and so delectably ambiguous to the survivors, that a law-suit was commenced, and I had constant employment from half the family for three years after.

*Sir George.* You are a shrewd fellow.

*Smatt.* A man must live, Sir George, and now, Sir George, perhaps you are not provided with a second?

*Sir George.* Oh! no, no, I am not.

*Smatt.* If you will condescend, Sir George, I should be extremely proud, Sir George, to attend you to the field.

*Sir George.* Just the very thing I wished; do, Smatter, do,—ay, I dare say you have often been concerned in—

*Smatt.* No, Sir George, no, I cannot say I have exactly, no,—and yet I believe I may say I have too, for I have more than once been bottle-holder to Plump Tom, the bruising butcher, and I fancy that is pretty much the same kind of thing,—oh! but, Sir George, where will you meet?

*Sir George.* Ay, where shall we?

*Smatt.* Suppose we say the mile-stone on the common—six the hour.

*Sir George.* Ay, very well, just two hours hence (*looking at his watch*).

*Smatt.* And to whom should I direct it, Sir George?

*Sir George.* To whom! why to my rival.

*Smatt.* But his name, Sir George, his name?

*Sir George.* Name! 'gad I never heard that;



he came to our house recommended to my brother, as he would fain make us believe, by an old friend : I suspected him to be a highwayman at first, but I have since discovered that he is come after Maria Woodland, and so—

*Smatt.* Leave it to me, I will manage the business, or may I never sign Timothy Smatter, or do justice again ; we will direct to the strange gentleman at Labyrinth Hall, and then you know, Sir George, in case of a certain matter we were mentioning just now, proof pos— will be wanting, and all the costs fall upon him.

*Sir George.* Ah ! Smatter, you know your trade ; well, send it directly.

*Smatt.* Never was five minutes behind hand in my life, Sir George.

*Sir George.* I say, I may depend upon you? eh? (*going.*)

*Smatt.* Upon my honor.

*Sir George.* Well, I will take your word, but as to swearing by your honor, my good friend, I fancy you may break that oath a thousand times a day, and never feel one more sting of conscience.

*Smatt.* You love a joke, Sir George. (*Exit Sir George.*) And dam'me so do I, when it is

not at my own expence; but egad I shall have the best of the joke in the end, when I touch his ready. Fight a duel! deuce take me, but I should think it confounded high payment to barter my life for a few unmeaning words, uttered by as many empty heads, and then tinselled over with the dazzling name of public fame; Lord! Lord! that a man should strut about all his life time unnoticed, like a fat capon in a farm-yard, buoyed up by the ideal triumph, that every one's mouth will water for a slice of him when he has had his throat cut.

(Exit.)

---

SCENE II.—A ROOM AT MR. ASPIN'S.

*Enter Jenny, Robert Woodland following.*

*Jenny.* My mistress is gone out, sir.

*Robert.* But whither, whither is she gone?

*Jenny.* Indeed I do not know, sir, I dare say—

*Robert.* Very well, very well, send Tiptoe hither.

*Jenny.* I shall, sir.

(Exit.)

(*Robert sits down. Enter Tiptoe melancholy.*)

*Robert (rising).* Oh! Tiptoe, Tiptoe, what the devil is to be done? my suspicious guardian, I find, has been questioning my fellow

collegian Tattle, the squire's son in the village, and has heard from him that I did not keep my last term, and now must I expect to have the storm of passion which has been gathering for months burst upon me all at once: zounds, Tiptoe, why do not you propose some plan? why do not you exercise your invention?

*Tiptoe.* That is the very thing I am doing, sir, but it is grown so cursedly threadbare with constant use, that I can't for the soul of me find shelter in it for myself against a prison.

*Robert.* Prison! what do you mean?

*Tiptoe.* Why Lord, sir, I am at this moment just like a shuttlecock, flying between the repulsive staff of bailiff Smatter and the repellent hymeneal torch held out by dame Gibbs; now, sir, as the cause of my wizzing is but a trifling debt of honor, should sympathy incline you to restore my brain to it's wonted stability, I shall be proud to devote it's labours to your service.

*Robert (taking Tiptoe's hand).* Tiptoe, my good fellow, I believe you are sensible that I have a great regard for you.

*Tiptoe.* Yes, sir, yes (*puts his hand to his forehead*), I have always endeavoured—

*Robert.* You have, you have; sit down and



compose yourself, sit down (*gives him a chair, he sits*); you are too much agitated—so you borrowed this money of Gibbs.

*Tiptoe.* Yes, sir, yes, on promise of payment or marriage, and now—

*Robert.* No, no, Tiptoe, you must not throw yourself away upon—

*Tiptoe.* Ay, sir, I knew you would not see your faithful Tiptoe made miserable for life, when—

*Robert.* I was equally sensible you would not suffer me to incur my guardian's displeasure, whilst—

*Tiptoe (jumping up).* I had a stratagem in my head, and you twenty guineas in your pocket.

*Robert.* Twenty guineas!

*Tiptoe.* The exact sum, sir,

*Robert.* Tiptoe, I have not a five pound note in the world.

*Tiptoe.* Oh! how my head swims again, the neatest plan was coming as pat, but it is all gone—

*Robert.* Hear me, Tiptoe, I will give Gibbs a promissary note.

*Tiptoe.* She will not take it—whiz, whiz, whiz (*sits down*).

*Robert.* What shall I do? to ask money of my guardian at this moment would be mad—

ness, would undoubtedly raise his anger to a higher pitch than it is already excited.

*Tiptoe.* Then to prison I go ; heigho !

*Robert.* Possibly my sister may be returned, and able to supply me with the sum ; wait for me here. *(Exit.)*

*Tiptoe.* Thanks, kind invention, would I possessed a coat of arms, that I might dub thee a supporter.

*Enter Miss Dalton running.*

*Miss Dalt.* Oh ! Tiptoe, I am terrified out of my senses ; I was this moment watching the return of Miss Woodland, who is gone into the village from the little gate, when whom should I see in the Green Dragon yard but my father.

*Tiptoe.* The dragon of dragons ; did he see you ?

*Miss Dalt.* I fear he did ; however, as I have bolted the back gate, it will take him some time to gain the front door, so in case of the worst, for heaven's sake find some place to secret me in.

*Tiptoe.* I will, but where the de— oh ! fortunately here is the key in old dame Gibbs's distilled water closet—step in here, madam, and I will answer for your not being discovered. *(Miss Dalt. goes in, and Tiptoe shuts the*

*door*) There, madam, now keep quite still, and I will go in the mean time and look for my master; do not be alarmed, madam, I have the key safe in my pocket. (*Exit.*)

*Enter Gibbs and Smatter.*

*Smatt.* No, I do not know Mr. Tiptoe, never saw him, but however, only decoy him into my presence, Mrs. Gibbs, and I have him as fast as the clutches of the law can hold him; writ drawn out, clear case, all one in the end, if you lose your money, you retain his body.

*Gibbs.* Would I could, Mr. Smatter, would I could.

*Smatt.* Nobody doubts it, Mrs. Gibbs, nobody doubts it; fine, strong, hale young chap.

*Gibbs.* Alack a day, I have no fine strong ale, but I will give you something as good to moisten your chops, some of my distilled waters (*goes towards the closet*).

*Smatt. (aside)* I was born under a lucky planet. (*to her*) Dear Mrs. Gibbs, I am quite sorry you—

*Gibbs.* Why I thought I had left the key in the door, vastly odd this—but, however, here is a master-piece for every lock in the house (*Gibbs opens the door, Miss Dalt. rushes out and exit. Gibbs screams*).



*Smatt.* Oh! oh! eh! what, that is your assistant in distilling your waters I suppose, Mrs. Gibbs?

*Gibbs.* Gracious mercy! who was it?

*Smatt.* Pshaw, make no words about it, quite safe with me; too common a case to excite surprise; come, let us drink to his lucky escape.

*Gibbs.* Scrape indeed, Mr. Smatter, for I warrant, whoever the dog was, he had been tasting rarely of my waters, a varlet—step in, Mr. Smatter, and help yourself to what you like best, and I will soon bring Tiptoe this way I warrant me.

*Smatt.* Mind, I am not an assistant. (*Exit into the closet.*)

*Gibbs.* I will e'en lock the door, lest I lose my other key; and now, Mr. Tiptoe, I will fit you for your tricks. (*Exit.*)

*Enter Robert, and Mr. Aspin following.*

*Robert.* Maria not to be found!

*Mr. Asp.* Stop, sir, stop.

*Robert.* Your commands, sir?

*Enter Tiptoe running, he stops short.*

*Tiptoe.* Shall I retire, sir?

*Mr. Asp.* No, sir; a pretty story I have just

been hearing, very greatly to the credit of Mr. Tiptoe's ingenuity, and your duplicity ; why you rascals you both tell lies with better faces than I durst to have spoken the truth with at your age.

*Robert.* Heavens, sir, what can you mean ? believe me—

*Tiptoe (aside to Robert).* Take care, sir, what you say, she is within hearing.

*Robert.* Miss Dalton ?

*Tiptoe.* Yes, yes, in that closet.

*Mr. Asp. (to Tiptoe)* Come you on this side, sir.

*Tiptoe.* Yes, sir, (*crosses*) here, sir ?

*Mr. Asp.* There, sir, and at your peril stir an inch ; and now, Mr. Tiptoe, I give you warning to brush up your invention, for I promise you it will require the extent of your wonderful talent to bring your master clearly out of this scrape.

*Tiptoe.* I hope, sir, you do not blame me for serving my master faithfully.

*Mr. Asp.* Oh ! no, I think your services highly meritorious, and mean to reward you for them myself (*shaking his cane*).

*Tiptoe (retiring).* I had rather leave the room, sir, than put you to any expence.

*Mr. Asp. (collaring him)* You are merry, are you, sir ? but I will soon—

*Tiptoe.* No, sir, I am not merry, sir, upon my word I am not, sir, far the contrary, sir, very sad indeed, sir. (*falls upon his knees*) Spare my shoulders, sir, and the confession of my tongue shall amply reward your goodness.

*Robert (aside).* What can he be going to say?

*Mr. Asp.* Well, sir?

*Tiptoe.* It breaks my heart to betray my master, sir, but indeed—

*Robert (aside).* Confusion! Charlotte within hearing and no means of stopping his mouth. *Tiptoe!*

*Tiptoe.* Sir? must I, or— (*imitates counting money*).

*Mr. Asp.* Go on, I say.

*Tiptoe (to Robert).* Well, sir, if I must— (*to Mr. Aspin*) Why, sir, in the first place I am every day telling him, how wrong a part he is acting in not endeavouring to profit by the excellent education you are willing to afford him, instead of wasting his time over his bottle, and so on, but I only get abused, sir, for my good advice, and if that was all, I should not so much mind it, but — (*to Robert*) must I, sir? sir? sir? (*pretends to count money.*)

*Mr. Asp.* But what?



*Tiptoe.* But to hear him speak disrespectfully of you is more than I can bear.

*Robert.* Leave the room, scoundrel; sir, if ever I spoke of you in any other terms than the respect due to so worthy a guardian dictated, renounce me as my ingratitude would deserve.

*Mr. Asp.* That is a very fine speech, sir, but it will not do; I see through your duplicity;—well, my good fellow, what did he say of me?

*Tiptoe.* Why, sir, he said, says he, your crusty old dons, like my guardian—

*Robert.* I beg of you, sir, not to give credit to such infamous—

*Tiptoe.* Those were his very words, sir.

*Mr. Asp.* I believe it; well?

*Tiptoe.* Forget they were once young themselves, and because they are satiated with, or have no longer the ability to enjoy dissipation, wish to debar all those who have, from dipping into its sweets; plague on such old fools, cried he.

*Robert.* Sir, the chastisement you before threatened will now be well applied, and let me entreat you to enforce it.

*Mr. Asp.* I need no argument to prove the truth of that assertion, and rot me but—  
(*catching hold of Robert.*)

*Tiptoe (stopping Mr. Aspin's arm).* Sir, sir, sir, for pity's sake, sir, suspend your resentment, and hear me out; I must do him the justice, sir, to tell you that I believe he would not have said what he did, except in a moment of desperation, for after he had uttered those words, he looked so pitiously in my face, and catching hold of my hand, just so, Tiptoe, my dear fellow, says he, you know the pressing necessity I am under of going out this evening, and I have not a guinea to defray my expences.

*Robert.* Oh! oh! I begin to understand him (*aside*).

*Tiptoe.* So, sir, I thought, though you might be properly sparing in other respects, you would not let a poor fellow like me lose by his kindness to your ward, so I lent him all the money in the world, twenty guineas, laid up in an old leather purse, called him a coach, popped him into it, jumped up behind myself, and in a quarter of an hour's time, opened the door for him at Ranelagh.

*Robert (aside).* Death and the devil!

*Mr. Asp.* Ranelagh! how the devil came you there?

*Tiptoe.* Oh Lord! no, sir, a slip of the tongue, sir; I meant, sir—

*Mr. Asp.* I see what you meant, sir, to *deceive me*, but the suckers of your invention are dry, so you may leave off pumping; as to you, sir, I have heard from your friend Tattle how you passed the last term, and now, sir, I leave it to your own choice, whether you prefer returning to the rules of College, or continuing in the dissipation of London; if the former, you are still my ward; if the latter, I give you joy of the pleasing prospect before you, now you have out-run the constable and Mr. Tip-toe his invention.

*Robert.* Sir, I confess your accusation to be just, and the only means by which I can hope to justify my conduct must be a candid avowal of the truth.

*Mr. Asp.* Well, sir, I am willing to hear your defence, but beware of exercising your favorite talent.

*Robert.* If I attempt, sir, in the slightest degree to impose upon you, disclaim me—know then, sir, that an attachment I had formed for a young lady of family and fortune, was the magnet that attracted me from my monastic life, and induced me to mix in the dissipated scenes of the great world, and that, after some weeks of unremitting attendance and endeavours to please, I was so fortunate as to obtain an interview.



*Mr. Asp.* A very prudent step truly.

*Robert.* Prudence and love, sir, are incompatible; I urged my passion, and my Charlotte, with a blushing modesty that heightened her angelic—

*Mr. Asp.* Do not grow romantic, do not grow romantic.

*Robert.* Suffice it, then, sir, to say, that had your approbation ratified my choice, nothing would have been wanting to the completion of my happiness, but the consent of my Charlotte's father; but, alas! at the very time we thought ourselves on the point of obtaining it, blind to every feeling but that of interest, he commanded his daughter to receive the addresses of a brother Alderman, who had, in his own false imagination, already gained the daughter's heart, by throwing out a golden lure to the eyes of the father.

*Mr. Asp.* And so you eloped and got married.

*Rob.* No, sir, although my Charlotte may have been imprudent, she has not acted rashly; this was the day appointed to connect her fate with that of the man she despised, but impelled by my persuasions, she this morning left her father's house, and is at this moment secreted in your's.

*Mr. Asp.* Where, where is she?

*Robert.* In that closet, sir.

*Tiptoe.* Yes, sir, she saw her father in the village, and came running breathless to me to hide her in some—

*Mr. Asp.* Bring her out, bring her out, shew her to me this minute.

*Tiptoe.* I locked her in, sir, there is the key, sir (*gives it to Mr. Asp.*)

*Robert.* Pardon me, sir, but without some little preparation from me, I fear the sudden shock—

*Dalt. (without)* Zounds, fellow, stand by I say.

*John (without)* Indeed, sir, you can't see my master.

*Dalt. (without)* Indeed, sir, but I will.

*Robert.* Good Heavens, sir, it is the voice of my Charlotte's father, let me entreat you to intercede—

*Mr. Asp.* Now if I was sure you had been playing me no trick.

*Robert.* Upon my veracity, sir.

*Mr. Asp.* Well, well, then leave him to me.

(*Exeunt Robert and Tiptoe.*)

*Enter Mr. Dalton and John.*

*Dalt. (entering)* Who I am, you puppy, why I am Humphrey Dalton, one of his Ma-

jesty's justices of the peace for the county of Middlesex, and Alderman for the ward of Great St. Helen's; who I am, ask upon the Exchange who Humphrey Dalton is, or at Cole's coffee-house, or at— (*sees Mr. Asp.*) ah! your servant, sir, if your name be Aspin.

*Mr. Asp.* It is, at your service, sir.

*Dalt.* My name is Dalton at *your* service, though not at every meddling puppy's (*to John, who exit*). And now, sir, I must apologize to you for my abrupt intrusion, by telling you that I just now had a glimpse of a runaway girl of mine, popping into your house, when I thought her more than half the way to Scotland with your ward by this time.

*Mr. Asp.* My ward, Mr. Dalton, has just confessed to me what has happened; I have not seen the young lady, but you must excuse my saying, that I think she has some reason on her side.

*Dalt.* Why true, sir, as you observe, something may be said on both sides; but then, sir, you must consider that I am her father—

*Mr. Asp.* A name, Mr. Dalton, with which indulgence should ever be connected.

*Dalt.* But then, sir, the obedience due from a daughter—

*Mr. Asp.* Does not extend to the sacrifice of every future happiness in life.



*Dalt.* Happiness, sir! why I had picked out the richest man in my ward for her, a brother Alderman—she might have eat gold, and drunk silver, as the saying is.

*Mr. Asp.* But had you seen that every draught was embittered by the recollection of a father's cruelty, how would you not have wished, when too late, to exchange the empty pomp that had caught your eye for the smiles of filial fondness which were wont to play upon your daughter's lips.

*Dalt.* I do love my girl, I do indeed, Mr. Aspin, but—

*Mr. Asp.* Come, come, no more buts, give her to my ward with a moderate dower; we will tack them together next week, and I will give them the grandest entertainment Labyrinth-hall ever saw, it shall beat my Lord Mayor's feast.

*Dalt.* Then you kill buck venison, Mr. Aspin?

*Mr. Asp.* Kill! I had such a haunch for dinner to day as has not it's fellow in the kingdom, except the one now hanging in my larder; would you had been here a couple of hours sooner.

*Dalt.* Ha, ha, ha, I was thinking how whimsical it would be to have it for supper.

*Mr. Asp. (aside)* Gutling dog! *(to him)* Well, well, settle you matters with your daughter, she is in that closet, got locked up when she heard you coming, there is the key, and now, for the whim of the thing, I will order the other haunch for supper.

*Dalt.* And my good sir, let the currant jelly sauce be warmed a little if you please.

*Mr. Asp.* It shall. *(aside)* Here is a sample of the worshipful bench; why they want only wings and a tail to be taken for scarlet cormorants. *(Exit.)*

*Dalt.* Have her! ay, that he shall; why if I had advertised for a descendant from a family noted for good eating, I could not have met with one better to my mind; now for it *(opens the closet door, Smatter comes out, takes Dalton's hand, and puts his arm through his own)*.

*Smatt.* Nab, you are mine.

*Dalt.* Zounds, fellow, what do you mean?

*Smatt.* Only that if you cannot discharge this little bill, at the suit of Mrs. Gibbs, for twenty king's pictures, you are likely to study the pictures that ornament my private apartments till you can, Mr. Tiptoe, that is all.

*Dalt.* Tiptoe, scoundrel? why my name is Dalton.

*Smatt.* No, no, that will not do at all; no, no, changing your name is so trite a subterfuge, why I have not a name in my book without an *alias* tacked to it's tail.

*Dalt.* Why you damned insulting—

*Smatt.* Hush, hush, no ill language, remember your company will be mostly people of fashion where you are going.

*Dalt.* Acquaint me instantly—

*Smatt.* Oh! you will have plenty of time to get acquainted, it rarely happens that any gentleman who visits me thinks of leaving me before the end of the twelvemonth.

*Dalt.* Why the devil—

*Smatt.* Why? why because I have such delicious wine, they do not know how to leave it; I have had many a customer run up a bill for burgundy to double the amount of the sum I had arrested him for.

*Dalt.* Why you are drunk, rascal.

*Smatt.* Ay, and so shall you be before you have been with me two hours, (*aside*) but you shall pay for it.

*Dalt.* Let me go I say—

*Smatt.* Be quiet, gently—I will shew you what a merry life we lead. (*going, sings*)  
“Care flies from the lad that is merry, that is merry”—



*Dalt.* Why I tell you I will—

*Smatt.* Gently, gently— (*sings*) “Care flies  
from the lad that is merry” (*pulls Dalton off*).

---

SCENE III.—MR. ASPIN'S GARDEN.

*Enter Maria and Miss Dalton.*

*Maria.* Come, come, my dear, bear up, my life on it all ends well: though my guardian treats our follies with severity, he has too good a heart to trifle with our happiness; depend upon it, he will fight your battle stoutly, and bring you off victoriously.

*Miss Dalt.* You know not how impatient my father is of contradiction, indeed I tremble at his resentment, although I have only struggled in behalf of my liberty.

*Maria.* Liberty! my dear, that word pleases me mightily; but however the fetters imposed by the man we love are no bonds; so, willingly suffering yourself to be shut up in one cage, after you have half killed yourself with struggling to get out of another, is no imprisonment, eh! little flutterer? does your beating heart say so?

*Miss Dalt.* Oh! Miss Woodland, consider but for a moment the contrast between the

wretch whom my father would impose on me and your brother.

*Maria.* Still, my dear, he is but a man.

*Miss Dalt.* No more is he to whom you this morning confessed your heart to be in subjection.

*Maria.* Ay, my dear, very true, but I did not make the confession to him.

*Miss Dalt.* And why not make him happy by the declaration of your sentiments, if you really love him?

*Maria.* Because, my dear, whilst your male creatures have just sufficient encouragement given to them to keep hope alive, they are very attentive, useful, obliging, and sometimes even agreeable sort of things; once reduce that hope to a certainty, and they remain very tolerable *husbands*, but most terribly indifferent *lovers*.

*Smatter appears at a little gate in the flat.*

*Smatt. (aside)* Lodged my prisoner safe, and now for my duellist. (*seeing the ladies*) Oh! oh! that is he I suppose, close to Miss Woodland's elbow; oh! it must, it must.

*Maria.* Upon my word you talk very foolishly, my dear.

*Smatt. (aside)* Then he talks very naturally I am sure; my dear too, oh! it is beyond a

doubt. (*comes forward*) I think, sir, you arrived at Labyrinth-hall this morning, sir (*to Miss Dalt.*)

*Miss Dalt.* I did, sir; what is your business with me?

*Smatt.* Only to deliver this note into your own hand, sir, and declare myself your most obedient, humble servant. (*retires*) Rat me, if I believe the chit ever had his beard wetted (*aside, and exit.*)

*Miss Dalt.* An odd superscription this: "To the strange gentleman at Labyrinth-hall." Let us see what the inside contains (*opening it*).

*Maria.* Do you know the hand?

*Miss Dalt.* No, do you?

*Maria.* No.

*Miss Dalt.* (*reading*) "Sir, finding you have made some progress towards the heart of Miss Woodland, as I am also a candidate for her love, I wish, though unknown to you, to congratulate you upon your success, in whatever manner you please, at six o'clock this evening, near the mile-stone on the common, George Aspin."—What can this mean?

*Maria.* Mean! my dear, why it is a challenge from my whimsical enamorado Sir George, who, I suppose, mistakes you for an admirer of mine, and comes most divinely apropos for me to play him the finest trick—



*Miss Dalt.* How so?

*Maria.* Why as I am very certain he has never seen you, I will go in your place, and you shall accompany me as my second; the old beau is the veriest coward in nature, and never fear but I will bully him, or fright him, or talk him, or fight him, or something or other, into giving up all claim to me.

*Miss Dalt.* Indeed, Maria, I think—

*Maria.* Pshaw, pshaw, my dear, these are matters which if we give them thought would never be carried into execution, their success depends upon the rashness of the moment; come, it will be the greatest piece of service you can possibly render me.

*Miss Dalt.* On that consideration then I will comply.

*Maria.* Now you are my dear sister, that is to be, indeed; we will steal up the back stairs into my chamber; I will there slip on a great coat of my brother's, and then we will watch an opportunity of stealing the same way out again.

*Miss Dalt.* But then, my dear—

*Maria.* Why then, my dear, we will shew them, that as a coward heart may sometimes beat against the side of a man, a brave spirit may lie concealed in the breast of a woman:

End of the Fourth Act.

(*Exeunt.*)

## ACT V.

SCENE I.—THE HALL AT MR. ASPIN'S.

*Enter Robert.*

*Rob.* No where to be found; what can have—

*Enter Mr. Aspin.*

*Mr. Asp.* Well, have you seen Mr. Dalton, or his daughter?

*Rob.* I was just going to ask the same question of you, sir?

*Mr. Asp.* Why the Alderman is not in this house I am sure, without he is got into the pantry; if so, you must not expect to see him yet this half hour.

*Rob.* But his daughter, sir?

*Mr. Asp.* Why changing her clothes I suppose; how do you think you should like to feel a petticoat dangling about your legs, and I warrant she is not much less uncomfortable in her new dress.

*Rob.* Oh! sir, the anxiety of a lover is not so easily to be quieted. *(Exit.)*

*Mr. Asp.* How my spirits have risen since my fears for the blowing up of my house have subsided; I believe they would at this moment

bear me up under the sound of a pop-gun ; but then I have now no hope of getting off my sister, that sinks them again ; perhaps old Dalton himself might take a fancy to her, if I were to portion her off with half a dozen of my breeding does, but then I cannot spare him one buck ; oh ! but Tabitha ought to do something towards her own establishment, I had forgot that, so I will e'en leave her to provide the buck. *(Exit.)*

*Enter Tiptoe running.*

*Tiptoe.* So now I have lost my master, and I am so afraid of meeting that old jade Gibbs, I dare hardly pop my nose into the house.

*Enter Robert.*

*Rob.* Oh ! Tiptoe, well, what success ?

*Tiptoe.* None, sir, none.

*Rob.* He must certainly have taken her to the Inn, and intend carrying her back to London ; fly to the Green Dragon, and hire me every horse they run. If I can but prevent their flight—

*Tiptoe.* Sir, sir, you recollect, sir—

*Rob.* What ? speak quickly.

*Tiptoe.* You mentioned—just now, sir—not having a five pound note in the world, sir.



*Robert.* Zounds, rascal, do as I bid you, and Tiptoe.

*Tiptoe (returning).* Sir?

*Robert.* Do you know Smatter?

*Tiptoe.* By name, sir, but I sincerely hope not to become acquainted with his person just at present.

*Robert.* I had forgot—well, tell John to go to him, and bid him be sure not to let a single horse go out of his stable without first coming to me—fly.

*Tiptoe.* Yes, sir; (*aside*) here's a pretty touch, twenty more at least. (*Exit.*)

*Robert.* And yet after the conversation that passed between him and my guardian, I can hardly suppose he would retract; but may not Miss Aspin, still supposing Charlotte to be what she represents, be detaining her from me; oh! it must be so, beyond a doubt, fool that I was not to think of this before; I will go immediately to her study. (*Exit.*)

---

SCENE II.—THE COMMON.

*Sir George and Smatter discovered sitting back to back on the mile-stone, Smatter humming a tune.*

*Sir George (looking at his watch).* Smatter, what is o'clock by your watch?

*Smatt.* Five minutes to six, Sir George.

*Sir George.* Indeed! I thought mine had gained; it is astonishing how quick these two hours have passed away; a very remarkable odd kind of feeling I have upon me, a sort of an inward dryish sickness, that mounts up to my very throat; I believe I made rather too free with my brother's Madeira to-day at dinner.

*Smatt.* Oh Lord! no, sir, sure that cannot be the case; I was just wishing to myself that you had taken another bumper of it.

*Sir George.* Why so?

*Smatt.* I thought you seemed a cup too low; excuse me, Sir George, I know you are fond of a joke.

*Sir George.* No, Smatter, no, I am *not* particularly fond of joking—rot the wine—I look pale, do not I? my head aches cursedly however.

*Smatt.* Qualms of this kind will attack the stoutest man in your situation, Sir George, no remedy for them like the report of a pistol.

*Sir George.* Ay, when the patient hears it though you mean.

*Smatt.* Why true, Sir George, that is the pleasanter mode of being cured beyond a doubt; but the other will happen sometimes

in stubborn cases; however, pray do not make yourself uneasy.

*Sir George.* Not in the least.

*Smatt.* No, keep up your spirits, Sir George, I hope you are not alarmed.

*Sir George.* Alarmed! no, no. (*Singing without*) Zounds, here he comes, and looks as fierce as a slave-driver—but I will not be afraid of him, I am determined—I only wish I had not drunk so much of that cursed Madeira.

*Enter Maria, dressed in a cocked hat, and horseman's cloak, Miss Dalton following.*

*Sir George (to Smatter).* I think I will speak first, and show him I am not afraid. (*to Maria*) Your servant, sir.

*Maria.* I never let *my* tongue belie my heart, therefore I am *not* yours, that is, if your name be George Aspin.

*Sir George (to Smatt.)* 'Gad, Smatter, he does not seem to know me; my good fellow, say you are me.

*Smatt. (to Sir G.)* Curse me if I do. (*to Maria*) Sir George Aspin requests me to inform you, sir, that it is he who now stands before you.

*Maria.* Who penned this note?

*Smatt.* He did.



*Sir George (to Smatt.)* What a damned lie, when you know you wrote it yourself.

*Maria.* And who thereby intended to challenge me?

*Sir George.* Why, sir, I meant— (*to Smatt.*) how was it, Smatter? speak for me.

*Smatt.* Sir George's intention was merely this— (*to Sir G.*) What shall I say?

*Sir George.* Why, sir, if you are my rival—are you indeed, sir?

*Maria.* An epicure invited to dine on a favourite dish would refuse entering into conversation till he had eaten his fill of it; I am an epicure, gluttonously fond of shot, powder and steel, you have called me out to a feast, and if I answer a single question till I have had my meal, horsewhip me for a stomachless rascal.

*Sir George (to Smatt.)* Zounds, what a boisterous, bloody dog he is.

*Maria.* Now you shall have my bill of fare, choose your dish, and we will fall too immediately; I have an accommodating palate, and shall readily partake of whatever you select.

*Sir George (aside).* I wish from my soul he would keep it all for his own eating.

*Maria.* Attend; with a long sword I allayed the appetite of a French Marquis, with a

horse-pistol I overcharged the stomach of an Irish Colonel, with a blunderbuss I crammed the paunch of a Scotch Laird, my rapier was the supper of a bullying lieutenant in the navy, my howitzer served a Prussian hussar for a morning whet, and my dagger was taken down at a single gulp, like a glass of capillaire, by an Italian count.

*Sir George (aside).* I'd give my plantations to be out of his clutches.

*Maria.* Now, sir, this is all the variety I can afford you, except a culverin, or a barrel of gunpowder, are more suitable to your taste, so which are you for?

*Sir George.* Why, sir, we are strangers to one another, and—

*Maria.* Well, sir, and cannot you eat when you dine at an ordinary?

*Sir George.* Yes, sir, but I meant that our seconds—

*Maria.* Oh! sir, do not trouble yourself about them, our seconds shall have the second course; I have a friend here that will not suffer your's to leave the entertainment without first helping him largely to some cloying dish.

*Miss Dalt.* Ay, sir, so consult your palate immediately, that when these gentlemen have satiated their appetite, we may lose no time in allaying our's.

*Smatt.* Thank you, sir, I am not hungry, the bill of fare has taken away my stomach.

*Sir George (to Smatt.)* No, nor hang me if I have the least relish for a single article contained in it.

*Smatt. (to Sir G.)* Your spirits are disordered, Sir George, I will step home for a little sal volatile; be of infinite service to you I am persuaded (*going*).

*Sir George (to Smatt.)* Zounds, Smatter, do not leave me, I was just going to propose for the second course being served up first.

*Smatt. (to Sir G.)* No, no, take you the first slice, and I will run a few steps, and see if I can get an appetite. (*aside*) The very idea of that second course has filled me up to the throat. (*Exit running.*)

*Sir George (calling).* Why Smatter, Smat—(*following*).

*Maria (detaining him)* Hold, sir, do not be uneasy, as your friend has deserted you, I will dismiss mine. (*to Miss Dalt.*) Pray step out of sight a few minutes, my dear (*exit Miss Dalt.*) I scorn, sir, to engage on unequal terms, even where I have the superiority—now, sir, how many paces shall we stand asunder?

*Sir George.* As many as you please, sir. (*aside*) I wish he would go to the next milestone.



*Maria.* Then, sir, I say foot to foot, and now as your choice seems to be undecided, suppose you fix it by selecting one of these weapons (*produces a pair of pocket pistols*).

*Sir George.* Why, sir—sir—I think if we could compromise this affair—I—

*Maria.* Oh! nothing easier, provided you ask my pardon, and acknowledge yourself a coward.

*Sir George.* Why, sir, I—

*Maria.* No demurring, sir, or I will cane you as I would any other troublesome puppy; here is my ratan, so— (*follows him round the stage, he then falls on his knees.*)

*Sir George.* Oh! sir, I do acknowledge it, I do; there— (*rises*) now, sir, should not we shake hands?

*Maria.* Maria has too much spirit to shake hands with a coward, though she may condescend to bully him. (*throws off the cloak*) Do not you know me, old sugar planter? (*claps him on the shoulder.*)

*Sir George.* Heavens! Maria! and not a man!

*Enter Mr. Aspin.*

*Mr. Asp.* No, but she has more spirit in her than ten milk-sops like you put together; but, however, it is only what I expected, cruelty

and cowardice always go together: dam me but a courageous canibal-catcher would be the eighth wonder of the world.

*Maria.* How, sir, have you overheard?

*Mr. Asp.* Ay, and I am so well pleased with you for your spirit, that provided you never oblige me to be present at a review, you shall have my free consent to marry your Captain; I found out your scheme you see, and another time I will tell you how—but where is your fair second?

*Maria.* Not many steps distant, and I will go and prepare her for an introduction to you. Adieu, Sir George, and let me advise you, when you send another challenge, to be cautious you do not call out a female again; trust me one of your own sex will prove a much less formidable antagonist. *(Exit.)*

*Sir George.* Zounds, why I did not challenge a woman!

*Mr. Asp.* But you did, I tell you; with all your wit, cunning, grace and elegance, you find it a difficult matter to distinguish the sexes I perceive.

*Sir George.* What was the highwayman—

*Mr. Asp.* Ay, the highwayman was a woman, your rival was a woman, your antagonist was a woman, and if ever you are lucky enough

to get a woman in the mind to marry you, curse me but I believe she will be the most unwomanly thing in your house. (*Exit.*)

*Sir George.* Rot me, but that fellow Smatter shall smart for this; I will be revenged upon him, if I cannot upon any body else: women! why dam'me this is being henpecked before marriage.

*Enter Miss Aspin hastily.*

*Miss Asp.* Oh Sir George! thanks to the fates I have at last found you; had you but listened to me before, what a world of anxiety would you have spared my aching heart—I fear to ask it—yet tell me—have you met?

*Sir George (aside).* So she has heard it already; I suppose I shall have the whole village upon me in half an hour's time.

*Miss Asp.* For pity's sake speak, and ease my doubts; not a word, oh! I see my doom; but lead me to his bleeding corpse, there let me sigh in bitter anguish o'er his untimely fate, and curse my unrelenting stars.

*Sir George.* Ay, lay it on as thick as you please; I suppose I shall never hear the last of it.

*Miss Asp.* What do you confess it, monster? out of my sight, murderer, assassin, oh! you have petrified my hear.



*Sir George.* I only wish your tongue had shared the same fate. (Exit.)

*Enter Robert.*

*Robert.* Oh! madam, where is the supposed gentleman who arrived at my guardian's this morning?

*Miss Asp.* Oh! Mr. Woodland, oh!

*Robert.* I entreat your pardon, madam, for having been accessory to your present uneasiness, but I hope cooler reflection will prove to you the necessity I was under of acting as I did, and plead my excuse.

*Miss Asp.* You concerned too! oh shame! shame! necessity, of murdering so sweet, so worthy a youth!

*Robert.* Murdered!

*Miss Asp.* Or now lying at the gasp of death.

*Robert.* For heaven's sake, madam, explain to me instantly what you mean?

*Miss Asp.* Who but the wronged Mr. Youngman; Sir George has just confessed to me, that suspecting him to be his rival in his love for your sister Maria, he called him out, and—

*Robert.* Distraction! curst, curst disguise.

(Exit.)

*Miss Asp.* Oh! trying conflict of disappointed love and rage.

*Enter Smatter running, with a phial.*

*Smatt.* Ah! gone; pray, madam, have you seen Sir George; ha, ha, ha, such an odd adventure; have you not heard it, madam? ha, ha, ha.

*Miss Asp.* Do not shock my ears with your boisterous ill-timed mirth.

*Smatt.* 'Gad, madam, I think it is the best time in the world for a laugh, when an honest gentleman, who has been tottering two or three hours on the margin of death's pond, escapes without even wetting the sole of his shoe—you must know, madam, your brother Sir George, madam—

*Miss Asp.* I know it all too well.

*Smatt.* I was his second, madam, and I kept backing him, and encouraging him, and endeavouring to keep up his spirits by every means human art could devise; but, however, to cut the matter short, every body is not born with equal courage; fear produced trembling, and trembling such disorder in the nerves, that I found it highly necessary to step home for a little sal volatile to compose his ruffled spirits, when whom should I pop upon, taking a circumbendibus, as we men in the practise of the law say, round the mile-stone, but Mr. Aspin; he had smoked the joke—

*Miss Asp.* Stop your licentious tongue ;  
joke indeed !

*Smatt.* Why, madam, hang me if I know  
what a joke is, if a couple of women in smalls,  
and cocked hats, fighting a duel is not one.

*Miss Asp.* Oh ! but Mr. Youngman—

*Smatt.* What the highwayman, madam ?

*Miss Asp.* He that my weak brother fool-  
ishly conjectured to be such, but he was a  
youth of honor, and to him I had pledged my  
virgin vow.

*Smatt.* Lord, madam, why he is a woman.

*Miss Asp.* A woman !

*Smatt.* A woman.

*Miss Asp.* Smatter, are you sure of it ?

*Smatt.* Mr. Woodland is I imagine, madam,  
for he means to marry her ; the disguise was—

*Miss Asp.* Oh ! I see it all, I am mocked, in-  
sulted, betrayed, made the butt of their ma-  
licious ridicule.

*Smatt. (aside)* 'Gad, here is a fine chance for  
mending my simple fortune : shall I ? yes, I  
will. *(to her)* Suffer me, madam, to put you in  
a way to blunt their malicious shafts, to re-  
venge yourself on them all.

*Miss Asp.* You would render me the greatest  
service.

*Smatt.* Should you be very particular as to



the birth or quality of a husband, should a man who has every requisite to render him a pleasant companion through life venture to bow at the shrine of your exquisite perfection?

*Miss Asp.* If I knew such a one, and was persuaded he would prove constant to me.

*Smatt. (aside)* No fear of retaliation if he did not.

*Miss Asp.* I—I— however, till I do know him, I can only say, my heart is not adamant.

*Smatt.* Then, madam, I am your man; marry me, and surprise them all.

*Miss Asp.* Insolence! marry you! marry you, you impudent varlet! I shall find a way to punish you for this insult, I promise you, sir, and if you have been imposing upon my credulity, tremble at my just resentment.

*(Exit.)*

*Smatt.* Ah! I see she does not quite credit her gallant being a woman yet; she will soon come about when she does I warrant her; she has been hanging out a love-noose for half a century at least, and if she does not draw the knot now an opportunity offers, she will be the first antiquated virgin that ever refused to shake off the honourable stigma of leading apes.

*(Exit.)*

## SCENE III.—THE INN.

*Enter Mrs. Slipslop and Paddy.*

*Mrs. Slip.* Mr. Paddy, Mr. Paddy, pray tell your mistress, with my compliments to her, that the young lady that was with her this morning desires, if Miss Aspin comes to consult her again, she would let me know immediately, that I may send for her, and that she must not answer her a word till she comes.

*Paddy.* Arrah, and I will (*going*).

*Mrs. Slip.* And, Mr. Paddy, give my respects to Mrs. Palmer, and I hope she liked the bird I sent her up for her dinner to day.

*Paddy.* Oh! the bird was a good-looking, tender bird, by my shoul, Mrs. Slipslop, only the bill, the bill was so devilish choaking.

(*Exit.*)

*Mrs. Slip.* Oh! hang your dissatisfied stomach; you shall have high froth and a double score for this to-morrow, I promise you, and we will see whether madam's conjuration can find that out.

*Enter Alderman Perigord in liquor, with a bottle and glass in his hand.*

*Perig.* Alderman Dalton, ; Alderman Dalton, I say—

*Mrs. Smatt.* Have you not found the gentleman yet, sir?

*Perig.* You said he went out at the great gate, but curse me if I can find it.

*Mrs. Slip.* Did you turn to the left, and then go strait forward, sir?

*Perig.* Yes, I turned to the left, and then—no, I do not think I did go quite strait forward.

*Mrs. Slip.* I saw him go down the village about half an hour ago, arm in arm with Mr. Smatter.

*Perig.* Smatter!—who is he? eh?

*Mrs. Slip.* A gentleman in this village, sir, of many professions—he's a jockey, and a tailor—

*Enter Smatter.*

*Smatt.* And a lawyer, and a doctor, and an apothecary, and a surgeon, and a wine-merchant, and a bailiff, and a duellist, and at your service for any thing you please to put him to, and here he stands, *in propria persona*, Timothy Smatter, alias Smiler, alias Sheers, alias Doublefee, alias Rhubarb, alias Lancet, alias Gallipot, alias Raisin, alias Touchem, alias Second-shot, and famous for doing justice, call him by whatever name, or employ him in whatever capacity you please.



*Mrs. Slip.* Ha, ha, ha, you have such a way with you, Mr. Smatter.

*Smatt.* Now I will tell you the news—devilish good story—

*Perig.* No, hold, I want the truth, you have told us stories now—where is my friend, eh?

*Smatt.* Who is he?

*Mrs. Slip.* The gentleman that went past my gate with you just now.

*Smatt.* Oh! what Mr. Tiptoe; lodged him quite safe in my lock-up shop, set him to look for the golden key—suit of Mrs. Gibbs—

*Mrs. Slip.* Why surely, Mr. Smatter, you must have made some mistake in this business; the gentleman that came with this gentleman *was* a gentleman, run me up a two-guinea bill in half an hour's time.

*Perig.* Ay, eat half a venison pasty, and drunk—no, I believe I had the best share of the wine.

*Mrs. Slip.* As I am alive, here comes Mr. Tiptoe.

*Enter Tiptoe running, and calling Mrs. Slipslop.*

*Mrs. Slip.* Oh! Mr. Tiptoe, do satisfy this gentleman, and Mr. Smatter there, that your name is Tiptoe.

*Tiptoe.* Smatter! devil fetch me but I will prove it to him immediately. (*Exit running.*)

*Perig. (to Smatt.)* There, sirrah, do you see what—

*Smatt.* Zounds, fellow, stand out of the way, or— (*runs out and throws Perigord down.*)

*Mrs. Slip.* Lackady, Mr. Smatter, what have you done? (*goes to help Perigord up.*)

*Perig.* Never mind me, take care of my bottle, take care of my bottle (*rises.*)

*Enter Miss Aspin.*

*Miss Asp.* Brute! monster! why the fellow run against me as if I had been a coal-porter! oh! Mrs. Slipslop, is Mrs. Palmer at home?

*Mrs. Slip.* Yes, madam, but engaged just at present; but if you will step into the room adjoining the parlour, I will let you know the moment she is at leisure.

*Miss Asp.* Let me beg of you not to lose an instant, for I am on the rack till I see her.

(*Exit.*)

*Mrs. Slip.* Here, Harry (*enter Waiter*), run to Miss Woodland, with my compliments to her ladyship, and the person she wished to see is now in my house—run, I charge you.

(*Exit Waiter.*)

*Perig. (who has been drinking all the while)* Why, Mrs. Slipslop, this cursed tumble has emptied my bottle, send me up another directly, out of the old claret binn do you hear.

*Mrs. Slip.* Send you one of my oldest this minute, sir. (*Exit Perig.*) Here, Joe, (*enter Waiter*) carry a bottle of dead port to the gentleman in the Lion, and be sure call it claret out of the old binn; he is more than half gone already, and will never find out the mistake.

(*Exeunt.*)

SCENE IV.—MRS. PALMER'S ROOM.

*Enter Maria in the robes and mask, Mrs. Palmer and Paddy.*

*Maria.* There now I am fully equipped, so Paddy introduce the lady. (*Exit Paddy.*) Now Mrs. Palmer do me the favor to keep out of sight for a few minutes, and you shall not go unrewarded. (*Exit Mrs. Palm.*)

*Enter Miss Aspin.*

*Miss Asp.* Oh! madam, ease my aching heart, tell me, I beseech you tell me, is Mr. Youngman living or dead?

*Maria.* He shall answer you himself, madam. Youngman, appear.

*Miss Asp.* What here?

*Enter Miss Dalton.*

*Miss Dalt.* Here, madam, bowing for par-



don, and only desiring lenity where I cannot expect to escape censure, though not for my inconstancy ; the oracle promised you that if ever Youngman married woman, you were she ; the priestess knew Youngman to be a woman when she made the promise, she knew also that this heart had long been pledged where I am now at liberty to bestow it with my hand.

*Enter Robert.*

*Robert.* And I must ask words of the oracle to thank you becomingly for the gift.

*Miss Asp. (aside)* Confusion ! then all Smatter told me is true.

*Maria.* And now, madam, I must solicit your forgiveness for another culprit (*introduces Captain Harland*), to whom, had you never trusted your confidential letters, a false oracle had never deceived you with a false prediction, nor Maria Woodland received this token of the satisfaction you expected to obtain from her prophetic spirit (*throws off her robe and mask, and holds out Miss Aspin's purse*).

*Miss Asp.* What am I become your pastime, your sport—your—

*Maria.* Nay, madam, recollect that the world has always been tenacious of the old proverb, that charity begins at home ; by some

unaccountable means I had adopted the same opinion, but now I have provided for myself (*pointing to Captain Harland*), believe me, I will not be backward in recommending you to the notice of the first nice man in want of a helpmate that falls in my way.

*Miss Asp. (aside)* This insolence is not to be borne. (*to them*) Marry, and may the pangs of jealousy, neglected love, decaying beauty, and contempt, fall with redoubled fury on you all.

(*Exit.*)

*Enter Mr. Aspin.*

*Mr. Asp.* She is deservedly punished, and I wish every one that would mar happiness where they cannot make it, was served the same: and now for her comfort, she may go and write a novel, and make herself the heroine; and if she is at a loss for an additional adventure, here is my friend Dalton can furnish her.

*Enter Mr. Dalton.*

*Mr. Asp.* That fellow Tiptoe has been getting into debt, and Mr. Dalton here, by some foolish mistake of Smatter's, got arrested instead of him.

*Robert.* Oh! sir, you must pardon Tiptoe, he is an honest fellow and—

*Maria.* Then I am sure he deserves our

compassion, so let us devote this sum which Miss Aspin intended to have given for a dip into futurity, to the release of the poor fellow.

*Enter Smatter and Tiptoe.*

*Tiptoe.* There, do you hear that, let me go; thank you, madam, I can give you no greater proof of my gratitude than to wish you as happy as you have made me.

*Maria.* Thank you, Tiptoe, but I trust my feelings are at least equal to your's, a heart susceptible of another's wants, and ready to relieve them, meets a never-failing satisfaction within itself.

*Mr. Dalt.* Say you so? I do not know how it is, but I should like to try—there children, heaven bless you (*to Robert and Maria*). Egad Miss you are right, for now I have nothing to do but fall to my haunch of venison.

*Enter Mrs. Slipslop.*

*Mrs. Slip.* Your brother Sir George, sir, has just set off in a chaise for London, and he desired me to let you know, sir—

*Smatt.* Why, who the devil is to pay me costs then?

*Maria.* Silence on that head, friend, lest your deserts should be enquired into.



*Smatt.* True, would not forfeit my character of doing justice for the world, forgot that.

*Mr. Dalton.* Hark you, Mrs. Slipslop, try if you cannot persuade my friend to follow Sir George's example.

*Mrs. Slip.* Oh! sir, he is gone to bed, and I am now going to send him up a bowl of arrack punch. *(Exit.)*

*Mr. Dalt.* Here, stop, Mrs. Slipslop, he is an old friend, so I will taste it, and see if it be made to his mind—Mr. Aspin, I will be with you at supper-time. *(Exit.)*

*Mr. Asp.* No doubt of it—here, Smatter, you are fond of having a finger in every pye that is baking, are not you for a dip into the bowl that is brewing there?

*Smatt.* No, sir, no new trades for me, I shall henceforward be fully satisfied with sticking close to my old ones, provided a benignant smile from this gracious tribunal encourages me to proceed in my earnest endeavours to do my various undertakings justice.



The End.